

## Prologue:

The old wizard stood looking out at the badly damaged school before him and bowed his gray haired head. He was a tall lean man, his long gray hair hung to his shoulders and his beard was neatly trimmed. His eyes were a deep blue behind round spectacles and his face was very pale and care worn now. His brown robes were stained with blood the poor boy's blood that lay behind him. Severus Snape did not deserve what had happened to him, he did not deserve to die alone as he had. Aberforth Dumbledore leaned on the window frame and let the tears run down his face. Too many had died, too many and he feared the rift between the houses was too great to repair this time.

He thought of Harry, the poor boy did not deserve this, that poor boy had lost his mother, father, godfather, friends and he had nearly died himself. All because of his damn brother! Aberforth turned and walked over to the body of Severus Snape and smoothed the hair away from his face and felt righteous anger. There was no hope left and nothing to live for and he felt so very, very old. He fell to his knees and remained there his heart breaking with the weight of the world on him. He had failed, he had not stopped his brother and had not seen the signs and now there was nothing he could do. Yet as he was on his knees there he saw a light come to the room and he looked up and saw an angel over him.

“What, who are you?” Aberforth asked.

“I have been sent to allow you to correct the future before it is too late.” The angel said, “this world you are in is not how things were meant to be.”

“I know that, I know I failed and did not do enough to stop the death toll.” Aberforth replied.

“You will now have the chance to fix that, I know your heart and you will get the chance to go back and make sure that Harry Potter is raised right.” The angel said.

“You are Gabriel.” Aberforth said awed and humbled by the archangel before him.

“I am he.” Gabriel nodded.

“How can I go back? I will go back though how can I go back?” Aberforth asked.

“With God all things are possible.”

“So I will go back.” Aberforth said wondering why this had to fall on his shoulders.

“In a manner of speaking, this life now will be as a dream, what could have been, you will go back and I know you will help the boy and others too. Else the world as we all know it will not survive.”

“I will do all I can to not fail this time.” Aberforth said turning to the still body of Severus Snape.

“So many need to be saved for if not there will be a war so great from the fall out of Voldemort civilization and possibly mankind will cease to exist.” Gabriel said. “Go now and do that which is needed.”

The room faded and went to black and when Aberforth woke again he found himself in his bed. He looked at his calendar and saw the date, so there was time to save more than one person this time around. He got up and realized what day this day was and he knew he still might have time to save more than one young man tonight. He got dressed, walked out of his rooms and down to the bar of his inn. He knew that today Severus Snape would come to his bar to and run into Lucius Malfoy, a fateful meeting that Aberforth was going to stop. A few hours later Lucius entered the bar and Aberforth slipped out to speak to Severus directly. He saw the boy walking along the snow covered road his face starting to show the familiar scowl and though he was so very young, barely seventeen he looked as if he had the cares of the world on his shoulders.

“You must be Severus Snape.” Aberforth said stepping out in front of the boy startling him and getting him to reach for his wand. “My daft brother speaks of you, says you are a great potions master in the making.”

“As if he really cares, all he cares about are his precious Lions.” Severus shot back trying to brush by Aberforth. “Leave me alone no doubt he sent you to try to make me come around to his way of thinking.”

“No, I heard what happened,” Aberforth said and it was true, he had heard but before he had done nothing and look what had happened. “I am friends with Madam Pomfrey you know.”

“You know they tried to kill me then?” Severus snarled.

“Come, let us go get a cup of tea, we can talk there.” Aberforth said.

He lead Severus to a small tea shop and took a seat in a far corner. He ordered tea and studied the boy before him. Severus was watching him with distrust and anger and Aberforth felt for the boy. This was not right, this boy had suffered enough, his parents were dead, the stupid Gryffindor boys had tried to kill him and his daft brother had done nothing to help him. Of course Aberforth had not done anything in the original timeline (or was that more of a vivid dream of what would happen what then was an archangel doing there and why did it feel like he had lived all those years?) He could feel the hurt and anger rolling of the boy and knew he had to tread carefully.

“They were wrong I will grant you that and young Black did try to kill you.” Aberforth replied and noticed the look of surprise on the boy’s face. “Aye he did try, he has his demons and so do you.”

“I did not try to kill anyone.” Severus said angrily.

“I know you did not and neither did Remus Lupin,” at the flash of anger on Severus face, “look you know he would never do something so stupid as what Black did you should speak to James at least.”

“Never.” Severus said anger on his face.

“Well how about if it is off school grounds?” Aberforth said smiling conspiratorially . “Next Hogsmead trip, I get those wicked boys to

come, and you have free reign over them as long as it is not too dangerous."

"You cannot be serious sir." Severus said looking very surprised.

"I am, you lot need to try to talk, and you have a right to confront all of them."

"Then I will come, but do not expect them to leave unharmed." Severus said.

Next Hogsmead trip true to his word Aberforth gave a room to all five boys. Naturally he took their wands though he knew Severus was pretty good with wand-less magic and put up charms to both watch the boys and keep anyone else hearing what was said. He was surprised that three of the boys had rounded on Sirius Black at once and were shouting at him using words Aberforth knew their parents would be shocked at. Peter was watching looking concerned and worried and it seemed he was trying to back up Sirius. Severus finally realized he was not the only boy yelling at Sirius at the same time the other boys realized they were all teaming up together!

Sirius had tried to stay haughty and arrogant as if this was no big deal but he saw the hurt in James and Remus eyes and saw them defending Severus and he broke down and actually began to cry, to say he had not really meant it and he had not been thinking. That he had been angry and had wanted Severus to go away and had been wrong in his actions. Remus was crying too and Sirius walked to him and begged him for forgiveness. They hugged and James and Severus found they were standing side-by-side watching the strange scene before them. They of course stated they still hated each other and would not be friends at all. How wrong they were this time...

October 31, 1981 Godric's Hallow:

Severus Snape got to the wreckage of the house first and staggered in. He saw first James slumped against the wall, wand at his side a look of defiance permanently on his face. Severus had his wand out as he dashed up the stairs and ran down the hall to the sounds of a crying baby. He saw Lily slumped against the cot with Harry still in

her arms. Severus looked around for any sign of the evil dark lord Voldemort but saw nothing and he scooped up Harry, he had to protect Harry at all costs. He felt anguish for his good friends for friends is what James and Lily were. After Severus had a talk, no correction the yelling match in Aberforth's inn and James and Remus did all they could to be nice to him and actually stop treating him so badly, that and the fact that once James's parents learned Severus was an orphan (Aberforth had a hand in that thank you very much) they had insisted he come spend the summer.

It had been a hard and wonderful summer, hard because Lily was there and it was clear she was in love with James and wonderful because Mr. and Mrs. Potter had taken him under their wing and treated him along with Sirius Black as adopted sons. It was here that Severus learned the awful truth about Sirius Black and his family, he had assumed that Sirius had a great childhood and was raised with love and spoiled. That was far from the case, Severus had a hard upbringing true, his father had never made much money and when he got sick it got worse. He did not like magic but he did love his son and as long as Severus did not do magic around him he was fine. When he had died his mother had followed soon after leaving him alone in his sixth year at school. Yet from what Severus learned Sirius Black's life was pure hell, his mother was a demon and once his father died his mother became even more unhinged with him. He was no longer safe and so came to live with James's parents.

That had been five years ago and now, now James and Lily were dead, Lily so lovely at her wedding looking so happy and having eyes only for James. Severus had been happy for her! She was so in love with James it was clear that they had to be soul mates, why else would two opposites be drawn together? Severus became a brother to her and he found he had liked that role as it seemed to fit. Yet now as he picked up Harry and stopped the bleeding of the cut on his forehead tears gave way even as he tried to soothe the baby boy. He heard a commotion downstairs and he stormed down the stairs knowing who was here, he had trusted Black, thought he was above this and he had betrayed them all! He saw Black and hatred welled up in him and he had his wand out aimed between Sirius's eyes.

“Give me a reason Sirius, one reason for me not to kill you right now!” Severus snarled.

“I didn’t do this please!” Sirius said tears shining on his face. “Let me have Harry!”

“No, you will not kill him too!” Severus snarled then he cast his first unforgivable. “Crucio!”

“Severus no!” Someone was shouting as Sirius screamed and writhed on the floor. “Stop, stop!” Remus cried forcing Severus’s to stop torturing Sirius. “We will take him, them to Hogwarts, Slughorn will have Veritaserum we can get the truth that way!”

“I want him dead!” Severus snarled.

“I wish I was dead!” Sirius sobbed, his sobs so hard he was having a hard time breathing and was trembling violently, “I switched, I switched with Peter he was so lonely and I wanted to make him feel he meant something and feel wanted!”

“Severus we have to go now.” Remus replied binding Sirius with ropes he conjured up. “I must you know, just until we know the truth.”

Severus would not give up Harry and walked out with Remus pocketing Sirius’s wand as he did so. They Apparated to the gates of Hogwarts a place Severus had not been for over three years. He had been so busy getting his potions mastery and working on several new potions of his own he had not come back in all that time. He walked up to the school with Remus and Sirius and up to the hospital wing where Poppy on seeing Harry rushed up and took the baby boy from him. She fussed over him and checked him over before she healed the wound to his head the only damage on him. The headmaster came in looking grave and saw three boys crying, one bound, a baby being tended to by Poppy and he sighed heavily. Poor Harry now an orphan, it really was nearly too much for the old wizard.

“Tibby!” Dumbledore called and a house-elf in spotless pillowcase appeared and bowed.

“Go get master Slughorn, tell him we need Veritaserum in my office.” Dumbledore said looking from Sirius then at Severus with a look Severus did not like. “We will need enough for more than one.”

“Yes master Dumbledore.” Tibby said disappearing with a crack.

“Surely you do not think I am a death eater?” Severus said getting upset. “I never did join that monster!”

“He didn’t headmaster.” Remus backed up Severus.

“All of you to my office now.” Dumbledore said firmly.

The boys followed him out and were headed up the stairs when Severus found himself tripped up by a tripping hex and his wand summoned from him. He tried to get up but a staff came across his back making him gasp in pain. He found himself forced to his knees by rough hands and his right arm was twisted cruelly behind his back. He found a wand pointed between his eyes and he followed that wand up to the very angry face of one Alastor Moody. Moody had a horribly scarred face with long grizzled gray hair with one normal eye and one blue magical one. Severus realized he was being held by Aurors and he struggled and got hit for it. Panic began to fill him, surely they did not think he was a death eater? He had not joined, yes for a time he thought he would but he had not. One of the Aurors began to unbutton the sleeve of his left arm and exposed his pale arm to Moody.

“Sir please I am not one of those.” Severus begged crying freely still, he did not want to go to Azkaban he had truly not done anything wrong! “Please believe me, use Veritaserum on me but please don’t take me to Azkaban!”

“I don’t see a mark.” Moody said after he had touched Severus’s arm with his wand. “Still there is Black now t’ deal with, keep him with you.” Moody said to his Aurors regarding Severus.

“Sir please don’t take me to Azkaban please...” Severus sobbed as he had no control over his emotions as he was going into shock from

the loss of two dear friends. "Please I am not a death eater please sir!"

"Boy if you don't shut up now I will have ye beaten!" Moody snarled at him.

Severus was drug up the stairs his hands bound behind him, he tried so hard to stop crying but could not, even with Moody here. He should not be upset with Moody, he had run with a rough crowd in school he would not deny it and he was the godfather of a suspected death eater Lucius Malfoy (he could not believe that Lucius was one, he had always been so good to him and helped him so much in school, how could he be a death eater?) It was only natural that Moody would think he was one. Yet after the interrogation with the Veritaserum it became clear he had at not betrayed the Potters and really was telling the truth. Now there was the question of what was to be done with Harry as he had to be kept safe and out of the spotlight.

"I can take him." Sirius said quietly. "I know I am not the best man or wizard but I will do right by the boy."

"I was thinking of him going to his aunt and uncle." Dumbledore said.

"Over my dead body!" Severus snarled standing up anger on his face. "They hate magic and I will not have the son of Lily and James go to those people! You will have to kill me first headmaster!"

"He will need to be protected, there are those out there who will wish to harm him." Dumbledore replied calmly.

"They would not look for him in the muggle world." Remus said thoughtfully. "I do have a house, it's not much really but it is very muggle and near a very nice little village of charming muggles. I hear that Frank Longbottom's mother lives not far from there and she could come in now and again to help in the motherly duties."

"Yes and there is my dear cousin Andy, she would love to help out, she has a daughter, I think she is almost Hogwarts age now too."

"Yes and if Severus wishes he can come and stay too." Remus smiled.

"Very well then, that is settled." Dumbledore said smiling, "raise him well and keep him safe!"

Severus was hoping this was the last he would see of the foolish old headmaster for a very long time. He walked out glaring at Moody who was still standing watching what was going on and stormed down to the Hospital wing. What Severus did not know was how wrong he was regarding the headmaster and where his life was headed. He looked down at the sleeping baby boy and took out a small necklace with a crystal on it and charmed it so that only Harry could remove it and so it would grow with him. It would keep him safe and that was all any could hope for now...

I know that it seems Severus is OC here but in fact he is not, he is very cannon in his actions and the way he is acting. At this stage he is a frightened young man and here he has not joined the dark lord Voldemort. He still has his rough edges, those would not be taken away. There will be more back story with him and Aberforth as this goes on but for now suffice to say that Aberforth has worked long and hard with him.

As to a few things here, Gabriel is the archangel that appears Christina tradition as the angel that appeared to Mary to tell her she would be baring the son of God. She did question how that was as a virgin she had not laid with any man and he is credited with saying "with God all things are possible".

I find Aberforth an interesting study as we don't know a whole lot about him. The little we do see of him is in the last book and he seems so bitter and cold. This could be due to many things, the glimpses we get are that his life has not been easy and that he is not very trusting. That is it, we are left to fill in the blanks and I will try to do just that though I do not claim to know him well at all I will try here to show why he does the things he does.

Oh and that little button at the bottom of the page? Click it and type in your review! You know you want to! :)

Chapter One: The Marauder's Lair:

Ten Years Later:

Harry was running fast from his pursuer knowing it was futile but refusing to make this easy. He ducked behind a tree and there was a loud smack as a weapon hit the tree. This was most unfair the young boy thought as he retaliated with a weapon of his own. He felt grateful for the first time that he was a small boy as he crouched down behind a shrub and waited. His green eyes were intense behind his glasses and his black hair stuck up all over the place. He looked a very ordinary boy with knobby knees scraped most of the time and tanned healthy skin. There was one thing that was not ordinary about him and that was a scar on his forehead in the shape of a lightening bolt and a light purple in color. It was his reminder he had survived a killing curse, a curse that had killed his parents. An evil man called Lord Voldemort had come to kill him and his parents but he had been spared, probably by the hand of an angel or something though there were those that said it was magic that had saved him. That would be silly as Magic could do many things but not save one from the killing curse.

Harry cleared his head of stray thoughts and with a wicked grin stood up and threw his water balloon and got the dour potions master Severus Snape on the side of the head. With a yell of rage Severus turned and took off after the boy but he was too tall and grown-up (which to Harry meant too slow) to get him. Harry ran deeper into the woods directly around the cottage he shared with his uncles and saw a tree and concentrated and with a spurt of magic he was up in the branches with Severus storming underneath him. Of course Harry was too young for subtle attack and so he let loose with all his water balloons. With a yelp Severus barely got his shield charm up and turned with a wicked gleam in his eyes. Harry's eyes went wide as he knew what was going to happen.

“No Uncle Sev no magic!” Harry shouted.

“You used magic Harry.” Severus countered.

“Um I jumped?” Harry said innocently.

“Ten feet Harry?” Severus said raising his wand.

“Um accidental magic sir?” Harry said and he yelped as Severus summoned him from the tree and threw him lightly over his shoulder.

“No uncle Severus put me down!” Harry laughed knowing Severus would never hurt him.

“Unhand him you villain!” Came the voice of Neville and a water balloon hit Severus in the side.

“Oh so that is how it is you little terror!” Severus said sending a jet of water from his wand to soak the other boy.

“Oi sir that is cold!” Neville shouted.

“And that is why you never underestimate a Slytherin.” Remus laughed from the back porch. “Having fun then Severus?”

“Yes, if my students ever saw this I would lose my reputation.”

“We would never tell them sir.” Neville replied solemnly.

Harry and Neville had grown up together, ever since Harry had lost his parents and Neville’s had been driven insane by the evil Bellatrix Lestrange and Neville had come to live with his grandmother. They had become great friends and with a bit of coaxing Sirius had even got Mrs. Longbottom to allow her grandson to attend a muggle school. He said it was to help him better blend into the muggle world if he so needed to and to help him learn about the world. In reality it was mainly so he could be with his good friend Harry. Neville had not shown any magical ability until his eight year much to the worry of his grandmother and uncle. Sirius had come to his rescue telling his grandmother that he himself had not shown any magical ability until he was that same age. Neville was despite all his outdoor play and exercise at rather chubby little boy with a round face and good natured look about him. He had plain brown hair and eyes and though tanned he looked (though he was not really) like he would be clumsy.

The house before Severus belonged to Remus Lupin and was called the Marauders den, it was a two story home with a basement and detached garage with two and a half bathrooms, four bedrooms, large kitchen, family room that was used as a library, a living room, dining room and the study that Harry's uncles Remus and Sirius used but not Severus. He did not live here and only visited a few times a week in the summer and less in school time. The reason was simple, Severus Snape had taken a teaching position at Hogwarts. He had spent a few years on his own as a renowned potions master on his own, he had found a vaccine for Lycanthropy and every magical child was required to have this either as a young child or once they headed to magical school. With the patents from the vaccine and from the Spattergroit healing kits he had come up with he was now a very rich man indeed. He had kept busy even at school using his notes in school to help co-write potions text grades one through five with two others, Mary Yarrow and Henry Hawthorn. He was working on an advanced text for those who went onto their NEWT classes in potions. His robes were now made of the finest black wool and his boots were tailor made heavy buckled black dragonskin with matching belt. His money pouch was always full and he took as good care of himself as he could, his once crooked teeth were straight and white though still a bit large and his hair was not as greasy.

Severus Snape would never be a handsome man and he knew it but he was respected and that was enough for him. The fact that the headmaster of Hogwarts had come to him hat in hand to take over from Slughorn at the young age of twenty four had been an honor even he could not turn down. He had spent a year learning the duties to take over as head of house of Slytherin and to get his lesson plans in working order before he completely took over as head of house and potions master. He still did not trust the headmaster fully even though he did not mind working with him as he was very good at running a school. There was one more thing he could be proud of, for the past six years his house had won the house cup and for the last four years the Quidditch cup. That had solidified him if nothing else in the eyes of the other heads of houses. His Order of Merlin Second class for the vaccine helped matters when it was presented to him last year.

“So you going to the zoo with us?” Sirius asked Severus. “Could be fun you know.”

“Oh yes and the house could end up getting burned down.” Remus said quietly. “Or worse, you two together bring out the worst in each other.”

“We do not!” Both men said at the same time.

“Yes you do.” Harry said, “you both try to out do each other in duels and spells and bye!”

“Come back here you little brat!” Severus said.

“Harry you are in trouble now!” Sirius said.

“Uncle Moony save me!” Harry said running behind Remus.

“Leave him alone, he was right you know.” Remus said and Harry stuck his tongue out at his other uncles while Neville laughed.

“You are a brat Harry you just wait Harry.” Sirius warned him.

“Uncle Moony will always protect me!” Harry said.

“Are we still going to the zoo?” Neville asked coming up.

“Yes, I did nearly forget but yes of course.” Sirius said.

“I better stay home, because of my furry little problem.” Remus said, “you do remember last time I went?”

“Not your fault but it was funny.” Severus smirked, “the wolves were really frantic about you.”

“And the apes and big cats and the deer and...”

“Harry keep it up and I will let Sirius and Severus have you and I know their fingers are itching to get you.” Remus said.

“Okay sir shutting up now.” Harry said at the threat of getting tickled.

Later that afternoon four men drove to the zoo in the next large city over. It was not a large zoo and it focused more on predators and was lined with large trees. Harry loved coming here and he enjoyed the large cats the most. He thought if he could become an Animagus he would want to be one of the big black panthers here or a lion maybe. He walked through the zoo and spied the reptile house and went in, he was not particularly interested in the animals here accept for the snakes. He wondered if he could still speak to the snakes like he did a few years ago. Sirius and Remus knew he could and had contacted Aberforth as he had asked them to contact him regarding anything they could not explain about Harry. Now Harry walked to the snakes and listened and grinned, yes they were talking and he understood what was said.

“No I told you no not today.”

“But Angel you are so beautiful, I wish your eggs to be mine.”

“No Raul I will not.”

“Hello.” Harry said to the two rattlesnakes in their glass fronted cage.

“Eh a leggy that can understand us?”

“A boy, oh wonderful, kinda small for a leggy ain’t ya?”

“I am eleven years old.”

“Harry did you just speak Parseltongue to those snakes?” Severus asked and Harry turned blushing, he hoped Severus would not be upset but he looked curious. “Do Sirius and Remus know?”

“Yea they do.”

“Excellent, well I guess I will be your head of house then.” Severus said smiling now.

“Not necessarily sir, I mean there have been Parseltongues in other houses.”

“Never Gryffindor.”

“You crush me sir, I want to be Gryffindor.”

“Ruined simply ruined.” Severus said looking pained. “I will never have a moment of peace.”

“Well if professor McGonagall is my head of house no you will not.” Harry said innocently.

“You sir are a brat.”

“Yes sir I know.” Harry replied.

Unknown to these two they were being watched. Aberforth had disillusioned himself and he was watching the inner action. Oh there had been times he thought he could not get though Severus even after he had got the Marauders and he to talk. He had done all he could to watch over Severus and be there for him even with Severus’s rather bad temper. Severus had learned to trust Aberforth and he learned to open his heart and love and live again. True there had been roadblocks even after James and Lily died, the way the ministry treated him after Frank and Alice were driven insane was a disgrace. Barty Crouch had taken out his frustration on the poor boy trying to force a confession from him. If not for Severus’s backers and friends he might have died in Azkaban. Severus had been going dark then but Aberforth had been there for him as had Sirius and Remus. They had become such good friends to him, something that would never had happened in the other, that dream or real time that the archangel had allowed him to fix, at least he hoped he was fixing it.

“So what subjects have you studied in school this year?” Severus asked Harry.

“Algebra, English, Chemistry, History and Lunch sir.” Harry replied.

“Lunch is not a subject Harry.” Severus said arching an eyebrow.

“Uncle Moony says it is.” Harry replied.

“He would with his furry little problem.” Severus shot back.

“Yea and he told me to call you professor Sev in school.” Harry said innocently.

“Did he now?” Severus replied, “I think a certain wolf is going to end up part of one of my potions.”

“That would taste terrible.” Harry smirked.

“I will tell him what you said Harry.” Severus replied.

“He would just agree.”

Harry walked out of the reptile house with Severus who was clad in muggle attire and did not look very much like the rich respected potions master he was. He chose jeans and a long sleeved dark green buttoned tee not buttoned, sleeves pushed up to show off his cross tattoo on his left forearm. The only thing that could give him away were his heavy black buckled dragonskin boots that his jeans were tucked into. Other than that he looked like an ordinary muggle as he even had tied back his long black hair. He smiled as Harry ran to his two uncles realizing how much he loved this boy and he even had a place for Neville. His life could have turned out so different if he had taken the dark mark. He had not and though his life could be trying it was better, far better than it would have been otherwise.

Again Severus is not off cannon here in how he acts. There is a wonderful essay by Whitehound on my profile about Snape and it is a must read in explaining Severus. Remember here in this story he never did take the dark mark and he became friends with the marauders. For those of you trying to wrap your minds around that consider this. Aberforth made them talk and that does work wonders Sirius was forced to realize what he did was near murder and that got to him. I don't see him as bad but his family, ah his family was evil and cruel and he just acted on that negative energy. Once away from that and with Aberforth steering Severus right well things turned out better for all.

Remember the author (me) survives on reviews and loves them! I know you like the story so why not review please? :)

## Chapter Two: Birthday Owl and Shopping for a Wand:

Harry woke up very early on his birthday and grinned as he was now eleven years old. He reached for his glasses and put them on and looked around his comfortable room. It was a boy's room he had a double bed, desk and good sized closet and it was done in green and blue, it was a bit cluttered but Harry knew where everything was. He showered, dressed and ran down the stairs to find his godfather sipping his morning coffee with Remus cooking breakfast. Though Sirius had hired a house elf (he refused to enslave them as Harry knew many families did and so he had got a elf that did not mind freedom) Remus liked to cook breakfast. Harry saw a few owls for him, a large tawny owl came forward first and Harry grinned, it was his letter to Hogwarts finally! He was going to Diagon Alley to day and this just made his day that much better. The other owls had gifts from Aberforth, a good friend of the family, some sweets from Nicholas Flamel and his wife Pernelle and of course Hogwarts a History from Severus Snape.

"So we going to Diagon Alley Uncle Siri?" Harry asked Sirius.

"Hmm what for?" Sirius asked innocently. "I don't need anything hey Moony you need anything?"

"I could use some more chocolate, I am running low." Remus replied dishing the eggs, sausage and toast onto plates. "Besides I think one outstanding young wizard needs to get his wand."

"I wonder who that young wizard could be hmm?" Sirius said smirking.

"Oi guys that is not funny!" Harry said, "I need a wand and school supplies, it would look awfully funny if I showed up at Hogwarts without my supplies."

"Yes well yes it would." Remus said tucking into the largest portion of food as always as thanks to the wolf in him he had to eat much more than a normal human.

"Oh I got permission from Neville's gran for him to do his shopping today with you." Sirius said.

“That is brilliant!” Harry said grinning. “This is going to be so much fun!”

Harry had since the age of five shared his birthday with Neville, they were both born the same day and had learned that either one of them could have been the one Voldemort had gone after. They were fast friends for this and Harry was very well grounded as he knew it could have been Neville in his shoes. Then again Neville’s parents had suffered a far worse fate, Harry had seen them at St. Mungos as Neville had wanted his parents to meet his best friend. They were insane, there was no cure magical or even muggle for them as Neville’s gran had tried everything to help them. They had improved to the point they could walk around, feed and dress themselves but they recognized no-one not even their own son. So it was good these boys could share their birthdays together and it was with excitement that Neville came through the floo around ten that morning.

“I got my letter!” He said his face flushed with excitement.

“So did I!” Harry grinned, “that means we can go get our wands today!”

“Oh dear there goes the house.” Sirius joked.

“Agreed, you get the extra young wizards insurance?” Remus smirked.

“Oi not funny!” Harry said trying to look offended but unable to pull it off for long.

“Well we should go then, Neville your gran coming?”

“She will meet us there, said she had some shopping to do.” Neville replied.

“Well then two choices, we can drive and take all day getting there...”

“Uncle Siri!”

“Or use the floo powder.” Sirius said.

“I hate the floo, but as it is quicker we can take that.” Harry said.

The wizards lined up and each took a handful of the bright green powder and threw it on the fire. Remus went first, then Neville then Harry and last Sirius went through. They came out into the Leaky Cauldron and Harry looked around at the ancient pub. It was really as if time had stood still and he had walked into a Dickens world. Candles lit the pub along with the fire and most of the people here were in robes and looking at the youngsters with curiosity. Harry fingered the charm that had been given to him as a baby by Aberforth so glad it offered him protection against the fame he had heard was his in this world. All anyone saw were two young boys, one with glasses the other with a kind round face and two grown wizards. One was the handsome and dangerous Sirius Black, the other shorter kindly looking Remus Lupin. They were clad in robes today and Harry had to get used to seeing them this way, normally they wore muggle attire much as he and Neville were as they both were clad in jeans, trainers and tee shirts. Sirius nodded to the ancient bartender and lead the boys into the small yard behind the pub.

“Step back gentlemen for you are about to see the most amazing sight!” Sirius replied raising his wand and tapping the third brick up from the trash bin. “I love this place.”

“So do I, Honeydukes is calling.” Remus replied.

“Um we may need to ask professor Snape for a calming drought.” Neville said to Harry.

“Yea that we might.” Harry said grinning regarding the sugar high that he had seen Remus on once or twice this summer.

Harry looked up as the wall rearranged itself and Harry saw himself looking at a long crooked cobblestone street with whitewashed stone buildings with slate or tile roofs. The buildings stood three to four stories high and as the young boys followed the men into the alley the large snowy white building that Harry knew to be Gringotts rose before them. He saw the goblins outside guarding the bank and

nodded to them politely and went in with Sirius. He knew his vault was here and was only slightly disappointed when Sirius did not take him to it, then again Sirius had always taken such good care of him. He stopped at his vault to get money then at Neville's. Neville's parents had saved a bit of money and though there was not nearly as much gold as what Sirius had it still was a good sum. Sirius gave Harry a bag with money and Neville filled his and it was time for them to go shopping. Harry went into the bookstore first and while Sirius looked for his school books he got distracted by a small section of books on himself and he picked one up and giggled at what it said about him.

"I see you found the books about Harry Potter then." Came the voice of Aberforth right behind him.

"Yes sir, and they are well how could a boy do all this?" Harry asked knowing better than to use his name here as the charm he wore only worked so far. "Was not his mother the one who saved Harry and helped defeat you-know-who?"

"Yes she did, but there are greater things at work with that you know." Aberforth said, "like miracles, I tend to believe in those more and more you know."

"Makes since." Harry said.

"Only if you follow that magic cannot do everything." Came another voice that Harry did not recognize.

Aberforth did and he curse mentally, Harry did not need to meet the Malfoy heir this early in his life. Or did he? So far the decisions that Aberforth had made had worked out and something told him this would work out better than he could hope in the long run. Harry turned and looked up at the tall wizard before him, he took in the rich robes and long silver blond hair and cold gray eyes in a pale face. He did not trust the man at all, he was too smooth was the word he could think of. He saw the snake head cane the man carried and knew that this man probably been in Slytherin at one time. He did not like how the man was looking at him and he was glad when Aberforth put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Who is this Aberforth?” The man asked.

“I will let him tell you.” Aberforth said, “you will say nothing to anyone else or so help me Malfoy I will blast you to ash!”

“This not, surely not him.” Lucius Malfoy replied looking surprised, then he smiled and held out his hand. “Lucius Malfoy, my son will be starting Hogwarts, you are?”

“Harry Potter sir.” Harry said quietly so that none but Malfoy and Aberforth heard him.

“Ah yes, you are of course very famous,” Lucius moved forward but Aberforth stopped him his wand out. “You have the ah scar?”

“From where Voldemort tried to kill me?” Harry said evenly really not liking this man. “Yes, though I don’t like talking about it.”

“Of course, well I have to see how my son is fairing, if you will excuse me?” Lucius said shocked that Harry could use the name of the dark lord so freely.

“Yes you are excused Malfoy.” Came the voice of Sirius who was standing right behind Lucius now. “Leave him alone or you will face a Black.”

“I face that everyday Sirius, your dear cousin...”

“But I don’t care if you live or die, leave my...leave him alone.” Sirius said softly getting very angry.

Harry rarely saw his godfather angry, upset yes if he had done something wrong but angry no. He was very nearly scared as his good natured godfather was radiating pure power and intimidation form every pore. His gray eyes flashed and he had his wand out while Lucius Malfoy was realizing just what this powerful wizard was capable of, this last of the male Black line. He nodded to Sirius and headed out of the bookstore to meet a woman with pale features and long blond hair talking to a boy with features so similar to the two

adults they had to be his parents. Sirius was still looking a bit murderous when Remus came in and realized what had happened. Smiling he offered some chocolate to Sirius (most of what he had bought he had sent home already) and this seemed to snap Sirius out of his anger. He turned to the two boys his smirk back in place and offered them chocolate as well and they took it.

“So that is who married Narcissa?” Harry asked knowing all about Sirius’s family tree, “I feel sorry for her.”

“I would not, she has quite the temper.” Sirius said grinning. “Just be grateful you got to be around my best cousin Andy.”

“She is brilliant and Nymph is brilliant too.” Harry said.

“More like a menace.” Remus said nearly blushing.

“She likes you.” Sirius said grinning.

“It’s really not funny Padfoot.” Remus said, “not funny at all.”

Harry grinned, things had been interesting for a few years, it was clear that Nymphadora Tonks or Tonks to most people but Harry, Sirius and her mother had a deep crush on Remus Lupin. She was also a Metamorphous which meant she could change her looks at will. This lead to some very interesting problems for poor Remus as she tried desperately to get his attention and it worked, well sort of as Harry noticed he could turn several different shades when he blushed. Harry followed his uncles out and went with Neville to be measured for his robes. They got this done rather fast and nearly ran into the pale boy with Lucius and Narcissa. They only stopped and said hi before they ran off to get what they really wanted their wands.

Sirius lead them into the wand shop, Harry saw Neville get nervous as his gran was there to watch him get his wand. Harry thought the shop was a bit spooky as it was dark and the shelves were lined with rows and rows of boxes that looked like shoe boxes only they were smaller. He watched as Neville was measured then given a few wands to try out. After ten he waved on and golden sparks shot from the wand and Ollivander the ancient sliver eyed proprietor seemed

very pleased. He wrapped the wand up and rung it up then turned to Harry. Harry found that Ollivander was studying him then he disappeared into the back coming out with a box and putting it on the counter. Remus and Sirius gave each other a look and Harry felt excited as he walked up and picked the wand up out of the box and waved it. He felt warmth go up his arm and a red and green light came from the end of his wand.

“Most excellent, yes he was right though most cannot see how a wand will react to a wizard.” Ollivander said softly.

“Who chose it?” Harry asked puzzled.

“He chose not to give his name but he said this wand was for you.” Ollivander said, “and he was right though it is interesting about this wand. I do remember every wand I sold, Sirius Black Hawthorn and unicorn hair, Remus Lupin Yew and dragon string. This wand has the feather of a phoenix, and that phoenix gave only one other feather.”

“What wand was that to?” Remus asked quietly having an idea as to where this was going.

“The wand that gave young Mr. Potter here his scar.” Ollivander replied.

Harry was shocked but for some reason not surprised, he thanked Ollivander and paid for the wand and left the shop his guardians a bit more worried. However that was forgotten as Aberforth was walking down the street carrying a cage with a snowy white owl and under his arm a basket in which there came a few faint meows. Harry loved the owl at once and when Aberforth handed the cage over to him his grin threatened to go past his ears.

“Thought you boys would need a familiar, her name is Hedwig.” Aberforth told Harry then he handed the basket to Neville, “I know you wanted a cat so she is yours, very smart the shopkeeper said.”

“Thank you sir!” Neville said surprised at the gift from this kindly old man. “This is so very, thank you!”

"You boys deserve them, after all you have gone through." Aberforth said smiling at them both.

"You are a good man Aberforth." Widow Longbottom said.

"Well I was hoping to impress a wonderful lady such as yourself." Aberforth said nearly getting Mrs. Longbottom to blush.

"You old wizard you!" She said smiling.

Both boys exchanged a look that was clearly not one that approved of adults acting in such a manner! Sirius grinned and Remus was nibbling his chocolate. Aberforth bought a late lunch for everyone then it was time to head back to the Lair. The day got better as Severus stopped in for the combined birthday party for the boys and gave a few more gifts to the boys and stayed long after Harry had gone to bed talking with Remus and Sirius.

Aberforth is called unlearned and he is, in the matter of books and such. But many a simple man is learned in things that matter such as human nature and nature in general. Aberforth is seen as a dirty unkempt man, but he is a man close to the earth and earthy as they come. I am going on very little here I know but from what I saw of him in the last book I do feel comfortable enough to create him how he would have been. Sometimes the wisest men are not the book learned ones but the ones that can read the matter of the heart and Aberforth is talented, he has his pub and inn and people come there for security.

I always thought Neville should have a cat and so I gave him one, I like cats and they are very useful. Not just in catching mice and such but they are a comfort and one can have quite the intelligent conversation with a cat. A cat does not speak a human language but they do listen very well and do make good familiars.

Yes I know that Neville is one day older than Harry. However as these boys are so close it would make sense to share Harry's birthdate as they are dear friends in this fic. Waiting a day to share with a good friend would be good for both boys as they have something they can

share together, apart from being orphans (or in Neville's case nearly an orphan).

Remember the button at the bottom? Yea do click on it and there you go a space for a review! :)

### Chapter Three: Heading to School:

Harry walked from the car of his godfather and followed him into Kings Cross station. He was nervous and looked over at Neville who was just as nervous as he was. Remus went through the barrier first between platforms 9 and 10 then it was Harry's turn then Neville followed and finally Sirius came through. Harry felt very emotional as he bid his uncles goodbye, he never had been away from Sirius for a single night and Remus had been there nearly all the time accept on the full moon and this last year, he had taken the Magical History teaching post as Binns had crossed over, he would be there but Harry would miss Sirius immensely. Now he was heading to school and his boyhood was being left behind him as he started school in earnest. Sirius and Remus helped the boys get their trunks on the train and gave Harry hugs and shook Neville's hand. His gran hugged him and told him to make her proud. Then it was time for the boys to get on the train and settle into their compartment.

"This is going to be so much fun!" Neville said grinning.

"Yea it will, I do hope we will be in the same house."

"Me too." Neville said.

"Pardon me is anyone sitting in here?" A boy with flaming red hair, a mass of freckles and blue eyes asked at the door.

"No, come in have a seat." Harry said and the boy did, "my name is Harry."

"Bloody hell you are Harry Potter?" The boy said looking wide eyed and Harry blushed.

"I ah, well yea." Harry said.

"Wow, I am Ron Weasley." Ron said still awed then he turned to Neville. "Are you related to the Longbottoms?"

"I am Neville Longbottom." Neville said. "How did you know?"

“My mum has a picture of your parents, you look like them.” Ron said, “I wish we could play Quidditch as first years.”

“Well I cannot fly good enough.” Neville said, “Harry is amazing on a broom.”

“Well if you had your uncles chasing you down you would get good too.” Harry said blushing.

The boys sat and talked as the train sped past countryside outside. Harry learned that Ron had five older brothers and one younger sister and they lived in a house they called the Burrow. His oldest brother Bill was a curse breaker with Gringotts, his second oldest brother Charlie worked with dragons in Romania. Percy was still in school as were Fred and George, twin boys who were pranksters according to Ron. He learned that Harry and Neville shared the same birthday and indeed had grown up together and had gone to a muggle school. Harry and Neville found themselves answering questions about the muggle world as Ron was very interested. Finally around lunchtime the lunch trolley came and Harry and Neville got a bit of everything and Ron got a cauldron cake and some chocolate frogs.

“Doesn’t your mum make Molly’s Quick Cleaning Dish Potion?” Harry asked Ron and Ron blushed.

“Er yea she does, gives us a bit of extra money around the Burrow.” Ron said, “not that my dad does not make good money at the ministry.”

“Yet not enough, I hear how the minister voted in a large pay raise for himself but did not give a pay raise to the Auror’s!” Harry said then grinned as Neville and Ron stared at him. “Um Uncle Siri reads the Quibbler mostly.”

The boys ate their way through the sweets and Harry eagerly tore into the special addition of Chocolate Frogs that had Hogwarts Head of Houses and Headmaster and he very nearly burst out laughing at the card of Severus Snape. He looked so serious and strict unlike the man Harry had seen through out his childhood, yet Sirius had warned him he was like this at school and that no-one could know how close

Harry was to Severus. Sirius promised to tell him fully why when he was older but for now all Harry and Neville knew was it could put the professor's life in danger if it was known how close he was to Harry and Neville. Harry traded his second Severus Snape for Albus Dumbledore and saw an older wizard with long silvery hair and beard with twinkling blue eyes much like his brother behind half moon spectacles. The door to the compartment opened before Harry could say anything and the pale white-blond haired boy he had caught a glimpse of in Diagon alley was there with two boys that looked a little like trolls with him.

"So it is true, heard that Harry Potter had to be on the train, must be you then." The pale boy said to Harry.

"Yes, I am Harry Potter, you are?"

"Draco, Draco Malfoy." Draco said his gray eyes nearly as cold as his father's. "You should choose your friends wisely."

"Oh I have." Harry said cheerfully, "you could join us if you like."

"No thanks, I don't deal with blood traitors." Draco sneered.

"There are no blood traitors here." Neville said, "way I see it your aunt is a blood traitor Malfoy, she did torture my parents insane."

"She is no aunt of mine!" Draco said turning pink. "Come Crabbe, Goyle let's go."

He stormed off and Harry looked at Neville who looked very upset, he had a reason he had seen Bellatrix in his house on the night of his parent's horrible torture. His mother had managed to hide him but he could not forget those eyes and he could not stand Draco, he was of her blood and was probably as evil as Bellatrix was. Harry did not think so and knew that the brash front of the boy was to hide his fear and uncertainty. Harry did not have much time to think on this as a young girl burst into their compartment looking annoyed. She had lots of bushy brown hair, large teeth and her hazel eyes were flashing a bit. Ron sighed, he wondered which brother had tried to "cheer her up" it probably was either Fred or George or both.

“May I sit here, there are people out there behaving childishly, two are old enough to know better I think they are third years are you related to them?” Hermione turned to Ron.

“Bloody hell.” Ron said as two boys that looked exactly alike stood in the doorway grinning at the first years.

“Awe Fred they are so small!” One twin said to Fred.

“Yes George they are and dear little....”

“Get out of here Fred and George or I will knock both of you down!” Ron snapped.

“We came to offer gifts,” Fred said.

“To the newest celebrity Harry Potter!” George added.

“Well as if I like being famous for Voldemort killing my parents.” Harry countered not sure how to take the twins who had sat down by Ron who was not looking happy about this.

“He has a point,” George said, “being famous for a psychopathically, evil, ugly stupid git killing my parents would not make me happy.”

“I agree, sweets?” Fred offered handing round some sweets, thankfully they were not hexed or charmed and Harry found he liked the twins. “We have to see Percy, you know congratulate him...”

“Prank..”

“Let him know much we care.”

With that the twins were gone and Hermione checked her watch exclaiming it was about time to change to their robes. She left the boys and they opened their trunks and got out their robes pulling them over their muggle attire. Ron was lucky his mother’s potion had been discovered and that they could make a little extra from it. He knew that he could have ended up in second hand robes and with an

old wand like his older brothers had. He had no idea that Aberforth Dumbledore had made sure that his mother was recognized for some of her hard work in the Wizarding world. He still felt so bad he could not save her brothers as the attack had come so sudden he had no time to save them. No matter he had helped and the younger Weasley siblings would do fine. Just as the boys finished tying on their cloaks and put on their pointed caps the train came to the station. The students got off the train and Harry looked around excited as he had no idea as to what was to happen.

“Fis’ years this way fis’ years!” Came the booming voice of Hagrid the groundskeeper. “Alright then?”

“Boats?” Harry said to Ron as they crowded into the boats. “Brilliant!”

“Cool, this is going to be fun!” Neville said.

“Look at the castle!” Hermione breathed.

It was quite a sight that got better and better as they came closer and closer to the school. It was indeed every bit as beautiful as the pictures in Hogwarts a History showed it was. Harry knew lots about the school from the book and knew it was in fact built on the ruins of Avalon proper on the edge of the Black lake. Harry found it amusing that many thought Avalon further south in Glastonbury not here in the highlands of Scotland. Not Scotland then, no then the home of the savage Celts living on the fringe of civilization and here were a magical vortex sat in an ocean of savage human chaos. A perfect place for Avalon and some said where King Arthur gave back Excalibur to the lady in the lake. Yet no-one had ever see a lady here only a squid and many learned scholars wondered if the lady in the lake and Avalon were not one and the same after all. Still Avalon had been here and now a great gleaming ancient castle stood where the great sanctuary had once stood.

The boats bobbed along the lake and made good time coming to the little cove under the castle landing at a silvery beach where the students climbed out and walked up the hundred or so steps to the castle on the cliff over the lake. They came to the great doors of the castle and Hagrid knocked three times on the door and it was

answered by a tall stately woman clad in a simple gown of green her dark hair done up in a bun on her head and square glasses perched on her nose. Harry knew her at once, the deputy headmistress of Hogwarts and head of Gryffindor house Minerva McGonagall. She looked at all the first years and welcomed them to Hogwarts and lead them across the vast entry hall, past the large stairway that lead to the upper levels and into a room just next to the great hall. Despite all his knowledge of the school Harry was getting very nervous as he did not have any idea what the sorting really contained. His uncles had never told him and only smiled when he asked.

“Wonder what we will have to do?” Harry asked Ron.

“George said we might have to fight a troll.” Ron said getting a bit green.

“He was pulling your leg on that one.” Neville said, “no teacher would let a troll get near a student.”

“Bet it’s a spell.” Hermione said and she started to go over all the spells she knew.

There was a scream and Harry looked up as several ghosts flew through the room having a discussion about a certain poltergeist. Harry and Neville grinned and giggled knowing all about Peeves and his pranks, he probably was friends with the Weasley twins as Ron had filled them in on his prankster brothers. Harry was getting more nervous but refused to show it, how exactly was the sorting done? He remembered what Sirius had said that it was a test of some sort and he wondered what that meant. McGonagall came back and the first years looked up at her with wide eyes wondering what was to happen now.

“In a moment you will head into the great hall and be sort.” McGonagall said, “you will put the sorting hat on and it will tell you what house you will go to.”

“See no troll.” Neville said to Ron then paled, “oh no what if...”

“You will do fine.” Harry said, “we could end up in Ravenclaw.”

“Yea right what with your brains Harry?” Neville teased his good friend.

“Well um good point then.” Harry grinned.

“This way then.” McGonagall said leading them out.

They entered the great hall and Harry saw hundreds of students looking their way and he felt very nervous. He saw the enchanted ceiling and the hundreds of candles floating over the four house tables and the head table where the professors sat. He saw Severus give him a stern look and he made sure not to grin or wave as he saw Remus by him clad in simple robes of navy blue. He knew neither of his uncles would show him favoritism and it was a relief really as he was already famous enough as it was. He had been warned he would have to deal with his fame here in school as the charm he wore of course only went so far. He was getting nervous as he stood waiting for his name to be called. He saw many of his fellow first years sorted to Slytherin and of course it did not surprise him that Draco ended up in that house. Neville ended up in Gryffindor and he walked to a space cleared for him at the table with the bushy haired girl Hermione Granger. Finally it was Harry’s turn and he walked to the stood amid whispers and stares, something he knew he would just have to get used to. He sat on the stool and the hat was placed on his head.

“Hmm knew I was going to get you sooner or later Mr. Potter.” Came a voice in his head.

“Hello then who are you?” Harry replied, but not with his own voice but his mind.

“I am the sorting hat of course and you are a rare student, most I can place right away.”

“Why not me sir?” Harry asked.

“You could fit in any house equally well, you have the work ethic of Hufflepuff and the strong religious code as well. You are cunning and willing to work in the shadows to achieve your goals and but another

face you would show the world. Ah and your mind is one of vast learning I since a thirst for knowledge in you young Potter.”

“You said four houses sir.”

“That I did Mr. Potter and the last, the house of courage that would make you GRYFFINDOR.” The hat shouted out the last word.

Harry got up and grinning made his way to his seat by Neville grinning as he was congratulated on all sides. He did not see Severus slide across the table five galleons to Remus who slipped them in his pocket a slight smile on his face. Dumbledore saw this and that set his eyes twinkling. One thing he was looking forward to was what the next few years would bring. With Harry Potter at school finally one thing was for sure, life was sure to get very interesting indeed.

Remus Lupin is very lucky in the fact he can work now. Severus is very rich as he did come up with a vaccine against the werewolf bite. So even if the students and parents did know he was a werewolf this time around they do not have to worry. I did not put it in as if yet as I have not shown him transforming but he has a muzzle that is magical and charmed so that when he transforms it goes over his muzzle. Hence keeping him from biting someone or eating anyone though he does take the Wolfsbane potion. Having him teach history would be good as I chose not to ignore the curse on the defense job. It has it's place in this story fear not!

Now I am very hungry and wish for something. Yes that bread which is called a review! :)

## Chapter Four: The First Four Years:

Severus sat sipping tea thinking back on the last school year, no that really was not right as four years had passed since Harry Potter and the golden quartet had been sorted. The golden quartet as he loved to call Harry, Neville, Ron and Hermione and nearly had not come about at all, due to Ron Weasley and his lack of tact. Ron had insulted Hermione in their first year causing her to burst into tears on Halloween, Neville had called him a prat and Harry had stayed out of that argument, and the boys had been going to the feast that evening when Quirell had run in and shouted troll in the castle and fainted and Harry Ron and Neville had gone and found said troll in the girls toilet on the first floor. How they had not died at the hands of the troll amazed Severus who was itching to strangle the boy who lived! Hermione had lied and told the teachers she had wanted to go after the troll.

There was more, of course there was more as the headmaster had hid the Philosopher's Stone in the school and who else was going after it but the blasted Defense against the dark arts teacher Quirell? Severus had found that the golden quartet had headed down to where the stone was and guess who had to rescue them? Yes yours truly Severus Snape, potions master now babysitter for Gryffindor first years! As if he did not have enough work to do with his own house and his potions and keeping Harry Potter out of trouble was now added to his list. He loved the boy so he did not ask for a raise to take care of him but still the danger he put himself into! Severus had arrived in time to see Voldemort sticking out of the back of Quirell's head! At least that explained the turban, Severus found himself forced to engage the dark lord and he was wounded, in the nick of time Dumbledore had come and saved them all.

The second year was a terrible time for all, Severus knew Harry's talent for lack of a better word and he felt ashamed he thought the boy was the heir of Slytherin and causing all the evil in the school. He proved to be a good soldier and was able to keep his cool despite the queer Lockhart who was teaching here. At least he could follow the curriculum that Severus had insisted, when he started teaching here that was put in place for the defense classes. That way even with the high turnover of teachers the students would not suffer because of it.

Still the Lockhart fool preened and pranced and stated how wonderful he was and it took all of Severus's self control not to hex him off the earth. He was beginning to feel dread as the weeks passed coming to Christmas when he put all the pieces together and declared to the headmaster that there was a Basilisk in the school.

What happened next still gave him nightmares, as head of Slytherin he knew a few words of Parseltongue, mostly passwords and the word open. He had gone to interrogate Moaning Myrtle and found that Harry had headed to the chamber and of course Myrtle had directed him to the sink and he had gone down to bowels of the earth to find Ron guarding a Obliviated Lockhart. Lockhart had tried to Oblivate Ron and Harry but Ron's shield charm was so powerful it set the spell back at Lockhart. Severus had been able to get into the chamber and he saw Ginny first and ran to her taking her up in his arms. He had heard hissing and he closed his eyes tight holding the girl close. He never saw Harry take on the snake and never saw the diary destroyed but when Harry said it was safe to open his eyes he nearly fainted at the size of the snake, he liked snakes but this, this was not natural and was evil even in death.

Severus saw the diary and saw Fawkes and the sword with him, he followed Harry out and he knew all could take the bird up to the school. Ginny was awake and sobbing on the shoulder of her professor and Severus held her tight as she snuggled up against him as he carried her directly to the hospital wing. He learned from Dumbledore that Harry had freed Lucius' house elf Dobby and in a fit of rage Severus had headed to his old friend's home. He knew the diary was his and after warmly greeting Narcissa he found Lucius and took him to a nice quiet spot in the forbidden forest and taught him a lesson as to why he was to never to do what he had done again. He returned what was left of Lucius to his wife and went back to the school and Dumbledore did not even ask him what he had done to Lucius. He need not worry as all Severus had done was beat a bit of since into Lucius and hex him with a few hexes to show him he was in earnest.

Harry's third year was peaceful but very interesting nonetheless. Hagrid having been cleared of all charges against him was the new Magical Creatures teacher and rumor had it he was taking private

lessons with Aberforth on wand work and such. Hagrid had done something for Draco that the boy could not help but brag about to his fellow students, he had chosen him above the famous bloody Harry Potter to be the first to pet and ride a Hippogriff. He only admitted to his godfather he had been afraid but it was clear this had done wonders to his confidence. The new defense against the dark arts teacher was on loan from America and though she was very good she was too informal and abrasive even for Severus and that was saying a lot considering where he had grown up in the north of England.

It was the Boggart incident that did not impress Severus at all, he was not happy a student would fear him like this but then logically he did look very much like a vampire though he clearly was not. The silly girl had been called forward and she had told the professor Green Severus Snape was her Boggart. It had not stopped there, the Boggart Snape had been decked out by her in a pink dress and Neville's gran's vulture topped hat that had not been very funny but it did have its advantages, he got the staff to stop laughing when he threatened to dress in drag and teach his classes that way. Somehow the idea of him in fishnet stockings, high leather boots and short skirt and low cut top sobered up the staff. At the end of the year Remus had seen Peter Pettigrew in a map he had confiscated from the Weasley twins and had tried to capture him. Peter had escaped and at the same time Ron Weasley's rat went missing. If only they knew what they knew now about that rat well then, but that was the past wasn't it?

The next year, this last year had been a shining jewel of a year for all the magical world, up until a few bloody days ago. It was the year of the Triwizard Tournament and despite a small disturbance at the world cup in which a few drunk wizards tried to get a hold of some muggles and got beaten for it the year had been so good. The tournament which had not been held for nearly three hundred years had done a world of good for the three schools concerned. Durmstrang with their champion Victor Krum, Beauxbatons with dainty and beautiful Fleur Delacour and last from Hogwarts charming handsome Cedric Diggory, these three had shown the very best of the magical schools. Moody had taught but he had avoided Snape as much as Snape avoided him though Snape started to have

nightmares again regarding his time in captivity with Moody leading the interrogations in the bowels of the ministry. Moody at the school made his temper worse and the staff had to put up with a cranky angry surly Severus all year long.

The minister of magic of England was not so subtle to stay away from Severus and he confronted Severus grabbing him with his metal right hand and forcing him to face him. Barty Crouch had easily gotten the position after a brutal attack on his home by Rookwood that had cost him his wife and son and his house elf who had sacrificed her life to save him. He could have chosen a less conspicuous hand but he wanted people to remember his losses each time they saw him. It had been rumored before the attack that his son was a death eater but after the attack no-one spoke of it. Yet before Crouch could take Rookwood into custody Rookwood had lead an attack on the Longbottom family with Bellatrix and Rudolphus Lestrange, (Rabastan hadn't taken part as he had been kept prisoner by Aberforth who gave him a choice, spy or Azkaban). Rookwood had gone to Azkaban but had escaped just last year and had not shown up until last week.

Severus thought back to Barty Crouch Senior, he hated Crouch, simply hated the man. Yes there was no doubt Crouch had gotten the Lestranges and Rookwood thrown into Azkaban for life after their trials (even though Rookwood had escaped) and he had reformed the laws so that there had to be evidence of guilt, more than one witness and a trial before any were sent to Azkaban. He had even set forth the death penalty for those who pled guilty and spare them Azkaban. Severus knew why he did all this, he became minister of magic after all this was done now was the most powerful wizard next to Dumbledore of course in all of Britain. His no-nonsense face with it's thin ruler straight mustache, his metal right hand seen resting so it was in all pictures, his pressed simple robes all were a façade for Severus knew the real man deep down.

"You better not do anything I am watching you." Crouch had said softly to Severus. "I know what you are, I may not have been able to prove it but I know what you are."

"You know nothing minister." Severus snarled.

“You were not so brave when I had you begging and pleading on your knees.” Crouch said getting Severus to go even more pale than he already was. “You will always be that to me, a sniveling little death eater.”

“I never joined him!” Severus said, “you have no right to accuse me of such things!”

Severus came back to the present pinching his nose and trying to stop the shaking, Voldemort was back, Harry had confirmed it. Once the tournament was over and the champion, Cedric Diggory from Hufflepuff of Hogwarts had been crowned victor and a week of celebrations had died down Rookwood had struck. Using Polyjuice potion he had snuck into the school as one of the teachers and hid a portkey where Harry was likely to find it. The poor boy had found it and he had been wounded, berated and tortured in the graveyard before he made his escape and Voldemort was back now and Severus was waiting for Crouch to come for him. Even after the testimony of Rookwood had been recorded Crouch had come and had the Dementor kiss delivered to Rookwood and though he did not deny Harry Potter had been hurt he had said it was some sort of potion given the boy. Which gave Crouch the right to point a finger of blame right at him.

“Severus you alright?” Aberforth asked walking into the small private room of his pub.

“No, he is coming for me.” Severus said forcing himself to hide his fear and let his mask slip in place, a mask he learned to wear in front of students and staff alike when he did not want any to know his true feelings. “I didn’t you know Harry was telling the truth and now he will come for me.”

“You don’t know that.” Aberforth said quietly.

“I love Harry as if he were my own son, I would never harm him.” Severus said, “you believe me don’t you?”

“Of course Severus I always will.” It pained Aberforth even after all these years, with friends and respect and honor he still did not fully believe that there were those that did care for him. “I believed in you as a boy, I took you in when no-one else would because I saw someone who needed love and care, you have helped me heal too my boy.”

“I wish you could have been my father.” Severus said sadly.

“I could be now if you wish.” Aberforth said refusing to let himself get emotional, men of his time did not get emotional like that, unless you counted his daft brother. “I see you as a son, I really do.”

“You do?” Severus asked looking hopeful.

“I do my boy I really do.”

Aberforth nearly cursed, this poor boy he still suffered so much even now! Sirius and Remus were good friends and did care about him as did the professors he worked with. Yet there were still emotional scars, he felt guilty he had not seen the evil in Wormtail and stopped him from what he had done but then neither had Sirius or Remus or James or Lily. Severus had been broken in the ministry, the torture he had been subjected to had erased years of Aberforth carefully helping the boy see he was worth something. He still had not fully recovered and that probably was why he worked so hard to make something of his name and show he was not evil. Severus never had told anyone but Aberforth what had been done to him, all Sirius and Remus and even his friend Lucius knew was he had been roughed up a bit and kept locked up for a month. They did not know the full extent of his torment or torture.

Severus knew it was only a matter of time, he knew the headmaster liked him as a talented teacher and to the headmaster he was more a pet, at tool he could use as he wished. Severus bristled under that treatment and hated the headmaster and respected and hell even loved him at the same time. It was hard to run a school, so very, very hard but still he was an annoying manipulative old man. His problem was he did care about his students and such but his caring showed itself in strange and bazaar ways. Severus sometimes wondered if he

were senile but dared not say that out loud. Severus took out his wand startled as an owl flew into the room and sat down again and took the letter that clearly was for him.

“Damn old fool!” Severus snarled.

“What is it Severus?” Aberforth asked having a very good idea as to what it was.

“The headmaster wants to see me now.” Severus snapped, “told me to stop sulking in the Hogshead and come now.”

“I see, want me to come with you?”

“No I should be fine this time.” Severus said getting up and smoothing down his robes.

“Good, if you need anything call for Dobby, you know he would do anything for Harry’s family.

“I will remember that.” Severus said quietly.

He headed out in a billow of black robes and walked up the cobbled street back to the school. He nodded to the centaurs clad in silvery goblin made armor at the gates and they saluted him. He had helped them in years past with many things, one was giving them a muggle “potion” as weapon to keep the giant spiders at bay. They liked him, temper, sharp words and all and found a human on intellect with theirs and that was rare of a human as centaurs are long lived and learn much in their long rich lives. Severus walked into the school and up to the headmaster’s office wondering what was so urgent to call him out of his “sulk” as the headmaster dared call it.

I wanted to get through the first four years quickly as they are very nearly cannon themselves (with a few changes) and need in retelling that. This chapter is just to set the stage for the later chapters and summarize the first four years. There will be flashbacks to the graveyard later from Harry but there was no need to put what happened to him in the graveyard here as right now it was not

needed. Most do know what happened and for those that don't there will be flash backs.

Now I notice a lot of people do seem to enjoy this little fic of mine but have not reviewed. I would like to have some reviews to see if this is even worth going on with as reviews do feed the hungry author as nothing else can.

## Chapter Five: In Hell With No Way Out:

A week had passed since the meeting with Dumbledore and Severus was on edge waiting for the blow to fall from the ministry. At least they had Rita Skeeter on their side, Aberforth had found out that she was an illegal Animagus and Severus had reported this to the headmaster. Of course instead of reporting her to the ministry Dumbledore had offered the infuriating woman a place in the Order of the Phoenix. Severus was in it as well as he wanted to fight but not publicly, he had his students to protect after all. He had worked so hard to let them know they had a choice in their lives that if they had a sliver of a doubt to not do the thing they had a doubt about. With Voldemort back he knew that he would loose some of them to him and he knew his fellow heads of houses knew they would loose students to Voldemort too. Severus sat in the headmaster's office doing his level best to drink the tea offered but after one sip he knew he could get no more down.

"Severus you don't know he is coming here to take you away." Dumbledore said calmly, "I will vouch for you I know you are no death eater."

"That will matter little to him." Severus said bitterly, his tea cup was rattling as his hand was shaking. "Damn I cannot do this, not again."

"Severus I would fight for you, you know that." Dumbledore said.

"He would use that to have you removed." Severus said bitterly, "then make sure the reporters saw him take away a known death eater."

"Over my dead body human or animal." Sirius said from where he sat speaking up for his friend.

"Even silver will not keep me from defending you." Remus added quietly.

"How Gryffindor of you." Severus said a small smile at his lips, then he groaned and put his cup on the desk and put a hand to his face. "I am sorry, I must seem weak, but I cannot, I cannot go through that place again."

Sirius was alarmed at how upset and rattled Severus was, never was he like this, alright he had broke down badly when James and Lily had died but they all had. Severus had come back after his month in ministry custody a bit worn, terribly thin and shaken but aside from avoiding Moody when he visited to see how his prodigy Nymphadora Tonks was doing he seemed much the same. He had always been reserved and apart from his temper and his sense of humor he was a cool collected wizard. There was a knock at the door to the office, a normal knock of human flesh on wood, not metal on wood. Dumbledore bid the person at the door to enter and Harry came in his green eyes filled with concern.

“Hello Harry what can I do for you my boy?” Dumbledore asked Harry.

“I heard professor Snape was here sir, I um well I was wondering with what has happened and all if he is alright?” Harry turned to Severus, “sir are you alright?”

“Of course I am not bloody alright Potter!” Severus snapped and Harry looked very concerned, his uncle as he saw Severus never lashed out like this unless he was scared or hurting. “The bloody minister wants to make a bloody example of me!”

“Seems damn unfair sir.” Harry said calmly. “He will have to get through me sir.”

“You don’t understand Harry.” Severus said, “none of you do what he did to me there.”

“Severus you don’t have to talk about this.” Sirius said wanting to spare his friend this pain.

“It was Moody who bloody arrested me, at Malfoy manner, I had a letter that gave me leave from Nicholas Flamel whom was one of the masters I was studying under to tend to Lucius after his time in the ministry.” Severus said bitterly. “He never went through what I did.”

“Sir...” Harry began to say kneeling by his professor and putting an arm on his shoulder.

"I was taken to the ministry, they bound me and put a hood on me. I knew it was the ministry because well Azkaban from what I understand is never quiet, this was quiet." Severus said wanting to talk and when he started the pain all those years ago came back to him. "Crouch was there, him and his effing hand, he ah took the hood off and stated he was glad to have me and ah there was much to talk of. I was taken to a cell and they, they took my clothes. Moody wanted to give me a robe but Crouch would not have it, I was kept naked and beaten, hexed and Dementors were used to weaken me. All I had to do Crouch said was to, to say I was a death eater and it would all stop. I begged for Veritaserum and he effing would not give it and he gloated at my begging pleading and sobbing and I can't I can't let him do that again to me I cannot it will be far worse this time!"

Dumbledore looked grave at this outburst that was years in the making, Sirius looked stricken and in shock at what Severus had finally revealed to them. Remus looked ashen and Harry refused to remove his hand from his professor's shoulder. Severus ducked his head behind a curtain of hair hiding his face in his hands, he started to cry and Harry seeing this took him in his arms and held him. It was the strangest thing to see Harry comforting this traumatized man, Sirius saw he was crying too as he did his level best to comfort Severus. Finally Severus stopped crying and looked at Harry with tear stained eyes and gently wiped at tear from the boy's face and felt guilt for his outburst.

"It's okay sir, you had a lot of pain to get out." Harry said and Severus hugged him tight letting a few more tears fall. "I will do all I can to keep you safe sir, you mean so much to me, you are family."

"I feel so weak and a coward." Severus said.

"Coward you?" Sirius said, "no you are far braver than I am, facing Minerva each day like you do?"

"He has a point, and having for a good friend a creature you fear and hate?" Remus said smiling, "it takes bravery to put a fear aside and be friends with the likes of me."

“Well you are not dangerous.” Severus said quietly. “Unlike most werewolves out there, in fact how could you be dangerous when I have pictures of that cute pink jacket Molly made for you in wolf form?”

“It was not pink when she made it Severus.” Remus smirked glad to see his friend back with them.

“Sirius must have color charmed it then.” Severus said innocently.

“Oi I did not but I will turn your hair pink Severus!”

“You do that and you will be running around Hogwarts naked.”

“I can do that in dog form.” Sirius countered.

“Someone is coming.” Remus said quietly.

Severus quickly dried his eyes and face and Sirius handed him a mirror so he could charm his features so he did not look as if he had been crying. Severus did the same for Harry and Severus stood up to face the door, Harry stood before him as there was a sound of metal on wood knocking at the door. Dumbledore bid the minister to enter and he came into the room. Harry folded his arms and glared at the tall thin man before him who was looking not at him but at Severus behind him. Why could not this man leave Severus alone? Harry was fast getting angry and he would not move out of the way as Crouch made to grab Severus with his metal hand. There were two Aurors behind him and at least they were not Kingsley and Tonks, that would hurt as they really liked Severus.

“Move Harry I have to take him.” Crouch said.

“No, I am not moving.” Harry said glaring for all he was worth.

“He could have poisoned you, you know what he is.”

“What you say he is sir.” Harry said. “Professor Snape is not a death eater.”

“Take him.” Crouch said to his Aurors and Severus paled.

“Yea you do that minister and tomorrow your little affair in Knockturn alley will be all over the prophet.” Harry said. “Cheating on your new wife and children?”

“Leave now.” Crouch said to the Aurors. “I will call you when I need you.”

“Sure you should not have been in Slytherin?” Severus asked Harry.

“No sir too reckless.” Harry replied.

“What do you want Harry?” Crouch asked.

“Leave professor Snape alone, don’t and your little secret will be in the papers, both of them,” Harry said, “I don’t bloody care if you make me look like a fool sir, hell far as I know I am but you will not take professor Snape!”

Harry was acting very mature for his age, he was (despite great protest) the hero boy everyone needed at this time. He was grounded and though so very, very young he had more of a adult outlook on things in life than many his age. Maybe that was because he knew what he had to do, that long before the graveyard he knew that he would have to kill Voldemort, either him or Neville or possibly both of them would. Harry had spent a lot of time learning about things from his uncles, about their time in school (they called it a dark time where they had almost allowed great evil to over take them all) and on to life and how some are called to do hard things and must grow because of it. The minister towered over Harry and he looked livid but Harry looked cold and calm as he faced down the minister, he was scared but he would not back down, not he for he was Gryffindor and he knew what that meant after all.

“You trust him with your life then?” Crouch said to him.

“Yes sir, I trust him fully.” Sirius said quietly standing by Severus, “he is a bit prickly, rough around the edges true but he is a great man.”

“I third that.” Remus said, “you know what I am and what he does for me. Ask yourself minister why would an evil man as you call him make a vaccine for Lycanthropy?”

“He is a good man, and wizard.” Dumbledore said calmly.

“I see then.” Crouch said his jaw working in anger, then he said something really nasty to Severus, “tell me how is it being Lucius lapdog?”

Severus paled in rage his hands clenched in fists, so that rumor still was out there. He knew the reputation of many muggle boarding schools sure but Hogwarts was above that sort of thing. Oh he many have had to deal with hexes and curses shot at him in school and insults and most recently a dark lord trying to get into Hogwarts any way he could but what Hogwarts had done since the earliest days was keep their students pure in one since of the word within the walls of the school. To that end though a student still had free reign over many things sex was clearly not one of them. It may seem medieval in many ways to control the students this way but in fact it was practical in many ways, and clearly the minister did not remember his time in Hogwarts or chose not to.

“Tell me minister how is the fare in Knockturn alley?” Severus said softly, “pity your wife does not know what you get up to, then again maybe for her health I should tell her?”

“How dare you!” Crouch said going red with rage.

“How dare you insult one of my good friends who would never do such evil things.” Severus said. “He is Orthodox Christian surely you know what that means?”

“I have no use for your foolish traditions and will not debate with you Snape!” Crouch snarled. “Keep your potions master Dumbledore but rest assured I will have my own defense teacher here.”

“Oh good you have found someone to take over that job splendid!” Dumbledore said smiling with a twinkle in his eyes.

Crouch stormed to the door and out and Harry was surprised at what Severus had revealed about Lucius Malfoy. Why on earth would a man who believed in the same God he did join Voldemort and become a death eater? Was he as daft as all that to not understand real eternal life and what his faith meant? Harry was not Orthodox Christian as he was more along the line of the Anglican church accepting the Queen as head of the church and the spokesperson for God if God so chose to speak through her. He knew rumors that did spread about what went on in the dorms without teachers here but if any one read Hogwarts a history they would know that kind of thing did not happen here as the founders had made sure to keep their charges safe from that though still free to make choices which was why Snogging was allowed and Harry nearly went dreamy eyed as he thought of a certain red-headed girl with bright brown eyes.

“Harry you there mate?” Sirius asked him.

“He is just thinking of a young girl with brown eyes and flame-red hair.” Remus teased. “Why don’t you go and see her?”

“Um yea, sure I would like that yea.” Harry said grinning from ear to ear.

“If her brothers give you a hard time I will see to it they do lines.” Severus said and Harry grinned even wider and ran out of the room. “That boy is amazing, Sirius, Remus you did wonders in raising him.”

“Well you helped and Mrs. Longbottom and of course Andy and Molly and Aberforth was there too.” Sirius said.

“Yes by unlearned brother has been happier since he met Harry.” Dumbledore said, “seems he has a purpose in life.”

“He came to me first sir.” Severus said, “talked with me and then with these two and James and Peter, locked us in a room.”

“That was fun, he would not let us out and you know what? James saw how hurt Remus was, having three boys yell and you and tell you that you are an ass and evil and what were you thinking finally got

through my thick skull." Sirius said. "Man I was a horrible little ass in school."

"So was I." Remus said.

"You didn't do anything." Sirius defended Remus.

"Yet I did not stop you either, we were evil, Severus never really was." Remus said.

"I nearly joined Voldemort." Severus said.

"But you did not and that makes the difference though there are those that did who regret it now." Dumbledore said thoughtfully. "Now why don't you boys go outside, enjoy the sun or in the case of Severus not enjoy the sun."

"Yes sir," they said and left the headmasters office leaving him thoughtful behind them as he was thinking on his brother. "Aberforth what do you know that has you doing all this now?" Dumbledore said to no-one in particular...

Now again Severus is not out of character here, many people who have suffered horrible things either break down right after (as many women do as it is okay for us to cry but it is not in most societies for men to cry) or for years to pass before they do. Severus is a very strong wizard and his breaking down does not diminish this in any way. In fact one should be worried if he did not break down as that would make him a psychopath or a Vulcan (and I don't see any pointed ears on him). His talking about it is perfectly normal and once he started he did could not stop.

Harry is not cannon and I think that is good! He is the caring young man he needs to be and yes he does "act older" than his years some would say. I respectfully disagree, many teens before the twentieth century had to work hard long hours, it was only in the last century that teens were coddled to the extent they are now and as such I think it is the main reason so many cannot deal with real issues. Teens used to have kids, hold down permanent jobs sometimes as young as twelve, nearly all of them no later than sixteen. There were

no teenagers before the twentieth century, you went from child to young adult and then adult, childhood was short though apprenticeships did last for years.

As for Harry liking Ginny, well they have become good friends and she is not a star struck child but will prove to be a strong witch in her own right. Yes as far as Harry and Ginny that will stay cannon. However with everyone else that probably will not be the case but I like Harry and Ginny together and that stays the same way here.

## Chapter Six: Number Twelve Grimmauld Place:

Harry stepped into the hallway of number twelve Grimmauld place and looked around in awe. He knew his Godfather owned a house and he knew that he had workers (many versed in defense against the dark arts) to clean out and make the house habitable. Of course that meant he added a lot of muggle technology to the house, the workers had to come in and basically guted the house then rebuilt it up on the inside getting rid of much of the dark and evil feel the house had had with Sirius growing up there. What was odd was the fact that the aged house elf who lived here did not mind at all and was actually willing to help in what ever was needed of him. He didn't even protest when the portrait of his late mistress was removed and how could he when Sirius had found his brother had commissioned a nice painting of himself just before he did and that paining hung where Sirius mother had sat?

The house looked very Victorian and Harry loved it at once, he looked around this floor taking in the cozy parlor, across from which was the music room, behind the parlor was the large dining room and across from that was a room that Sirius reserved for potions making as there was more than one potions master or mistress in the making here. It was heavily warded so if there was an accident it would stay in the room and the magical emergency system could be activated. It was one of the few rooms that was lit by candles and torches and Severus had loved it at once wishing he could stay and brew here but with the war and such he had to spend much of his time doing his best to take care of his own godson. Harry walked up to stairs to the second level and put his satchel in the room he would share with Ron, it was a very Gryffindor room and he loved it. He poked around this level, seeing the sitting room, the Black family library and he saw Sirius's study but he did not go in. Finishing off this level was a good sized modern bathroom complete with toilet and sink.

“Dad is driving mum nuts.” Ron said walking up looking around. “He says he is gonna set up the Burrow muggle style.”

“Your mum would kill your dad.” Harry said grinning.

“Yea she would at that.” Ron said “I am still a bit jealous you got to grow up with Sirius Black and professor Lupin you know.”

“Yea well they are brilliant but they keep on me about my homework and doing chores and all that.” Harry said. “It was amusing when Fred and George found out they made the Marauders Map and that they are my brothers idols.”

“Yea but if your mum finds out.” Harry said looking a bit fearful, “I will have to go live with professor Snape as she will kill both Sirius and Remus!”

“I still cannot believe he is as nice as you say.” Ron said, “he is so strict and favors Slytherin!”

“Well he is head of Slytherin.” Harry said, “even so he is really a great man, he does not have to teach.”

“I know, those robes of his spares no expense.” Ron said rolling his eyes, “you would think though as rich as he seems to be he would spring for more colors than black.”

“He likes black.” Harry said.

“Dinner is ready.” Came Mrs. Weasley’s magically enhanced voice.

The boys headed downstairs to the dining room and sat at the long dining room table, Mrs. Weasley had cooked a great spread, with the help of Kreacher the food had been sent up from the kitchen to table above. Sirius had been very nice to Kreacher and treated him with respect, he had offered trying to be nice Kreacher freedom like Dora but Kreacher had refused and had felt insulted. They came to a compromise, Kreacher could say what he liked to his master and Sirius would not free him. Right now the elves were in the kitchen and so Harry did not see them at dinner. He was impressed by the silver plates, goblets and silverware though of course a china place made to look like silver and a steel goblet and steel flatware were provided for Remus. Harry did not wish to see him break out like he had once picking up what he thought was a steel knife but turned out to be Sirius’s silver knife. It was one of the few times Harry had seen

Remus upset and when Sirius laughed Remus had chased him all over the house and later Harry learned Sirius had been hung by his thumbs in the cellar for an hour.

“So um can I come to the order meetings?” Harry asked Sirius with pleading green eyes.

“Well normally I would say yes.”

“Sirius!” Mrs. Weasley said looking shocked.

“Now Molly I have always told him the truth and never held back anything.” Sirius said, “he had to know so he can be prepared.”

“It’s not like it is 100 percent me anyway, Neville knows the prophecy too.” Harry said, “it could be either of us you know we were born only a day apart at the end of July.”

“Still so much on your shoulders at such a young age.” Mrs. Weasley said tearing up. “I know you have to know but I wish you did not have to go through this.”

“I am not alone Mrs. Weasley, I have lots of help and I want to help to, can I come uncle Siri?”

“No, not this time and I think you know why.” Sirius said.

“Yea Voldemort likes to chat with me via the mind, he may be doing it on purpose or not but you cannot take that chance.” Harry said softly. “I really, really hate him and he is really ugly too.”

“How ugly Harry?” Remus asked.

“He makes professor Moody look good.” Harry said.

“Nice one Harry.” Fred said grinning as his mother sputtered in anger.

“Harry James...”

"He calls himself ugly." Remus said, "says it's fun to scare the first years, between him and Severus it's a wonder the whole first year population did not melt down."

Mr. Weasley laughed along with everyone around the table. The Weasleys at first had been put off by Severus but when they had met the wizard outside of school they found he was very likeable. He could control the twins like no other and they respected him and when he told them to do something they did it. They were very good at potions and he was honing that skill teaching them as much as they wanted to learn if they would use caution in his classroom and tutor other students he would allow them a small room to brew their experiments. Mrs. Weasley liked mothering him and he allowed it when he visited, she even sent him pies and Ron went cross-eyed at that still. Once dinner was done the girls went to the music room which was much like the parlor with a piano in it and the boys went off to do play chess or study. Mrs. Weasley took up her knitting and saw Ginny was looking a bit down.

"Something wrong Ginny?" She asked her youngest child.

"I suppose I am a being selfish, and he cannot see anything in me but a star struck kid." Ginny said. "I mean yes we have snogged and all but does he really like me or see me as just a kid?"

"I don't think Harry sees you that way." Hermione said. "I was talking with him and he did say he liked you."

"He did?" Ginny said and then looked upset again. "But he seems so distant!"

"I think he is worried too." Hermione said, "he really likes you but does not know how exactly to say that to you."

"Really?" Ginny said, "I do care, it's not an infatuation, I would care about him even if he was not famous."

"That is good to hear, he is a good young man." Mrs. Weasley said looking up from her knitting.

“Mum when did you and dad know you were in love?”

“Oh I was your age and your dad was just a little bit older. We just knew, love like that is rare, most of the time it takes a lot longer to know who is the right one, sometimes years even.” Mrs. Weasley said. “I think you and Harry are what is called soul mates, it’s rare as I said before but it does happen.”

“I hope we are soul mates.” Ginny said wistfully.

“Well if you are there will come a time you will know.” Mrs. Weasley said.

Meanwhile Harry was playing chess with Ron and Sirius was bored, and when he got bored something was going to happen. Harry was used to this and he saw the telltale signs his godfather was radiating and he went for his wand quietly as he knew what was going to happen. Sirius turned to Padfoot and charged the table and Harry cast his first nonverbal spell and Padfoot was hanging by his hind foot. He turned back to Sirius and laughed, until Harry and Ron walked out of the room. Remus looked up at Sirius and smiled quietly and walked away as well. It was at this time Severus came upstairs and saw Sirius hanging by his heel. He saw Severus and he grinned as much as he could upside-down.

“Hi Severus Harry did this great isn’t it?” Sirius said, “I don’t think he knows how to get me down could you?”

“I do know and no I am not letting you down uncle Siri.” Harry said.

“Planning on using that in school?” Severus asked Harry.

“No sir that is not even funny!” Harry said his green eyes going wide, “I mean it’s evil sir, in school and all!”

“So is leaving your godfather hanging Harry!” Sirius said, “um Severus mate please get me down.”

“No, you look better up there.” Severus said walking by.

“You are all dead!” Sirius said, “beware the wrath of a Black!”

“You are as far away from that bullying brat you were in Hogwarts Black.” Severus shot at him.

“Well I had a few people put some since into me.” Sirius said thoughtfully as he did get himself out of the Levicorpus curse and landed on his feet. “Looking back I was going dark.”

“A lot of us were going dark at that time Mutt.” Severus said, “if not for Aberforth I would be a death eater now.”

“Well you are not and Harry you are going to get it for that!” Sirius said and Harry ran for it.

“Fear not I will save you Harry!” Severus said getting a terrified squeak out of Ron.

Severus smirked and ran after Sirius and Harry snuck back down the stairs as the grown wizards went through the house hexing each other. Finally the sounds of Mrs. Weasley yelling got Harry and Ron to run for the safety of the library even though she was not after them. They laughed as they heard two yelps of pain and walked out to see Sirius stagger up the stairs followed by Severus who looked a bit worse for the wear.

The next weeks passed by in a blur and Harry was allowed to know a bit about what was going on in the Order only if he continued to practice Occlumency. He was not the only one, Ron, Hermione and even Neville had been recruited into the training and they were using it on each other. Even with all this Harry still had nightmares about the graveyard and he could see Voldemort and the dead body of Karkaroff as he had come and had accepted his fate. On the worst nights his Godfather would come and take him back to bed with him much as he had done for the boy when he was younger and dreaming of a flash of green light and a cold high voice. One night was the worst and Harry could not calm down even in the arms of his godfather.

“Shh Harry I am here for you.” Sirius said quietly.

"I see him, them and he killed Karkaroff why would he do that?" Harry asked sobbing.

"I don't know pup, but you are here, you are not there." Sirius said.

"But it is not over, it will never be over." Harry sobbed. "I have to kill him, and I don't wanna kill anyone."

"Shh pup I know but I am here as is Moony and the greasy git." Sirius said rubbing Harry's back and Harry almost smiled.

"Look you will survive, have a family, kids that turn your hair gray you know why pup?"

"Why uncle Siri?"

"Because I will do everything to make sure you do, as will the order. Don't worry about things now pup, when you have to face Voldemort you will be more than ready to take him out."

"He is killing even now I know it." Harry said, "it's my fault."

"Hush no it is not pup, it's not." Sirius said, "now you need your rest too, got to look good for Ginny you know."

Harry smiled and snuggled down by his godfather and went back to sleep and did not have any more nightmares that night. It did get better for him over the next day and weeks for him, he had quite a shock but he started to rally with good friends and what with that and the studying he had to do he had little time to himself. Fred and George were a great help at cheering him up and helping in his potions and Ginny was there to really help him out. He loved how she kissed him and talked with him and kissed him and talked and did he mention kissed him? Oh yeas he was looking forward to a new school year even with all that had gone on the year before...

Harry is struggling with what happened in the graveyard, it would not be good to just gloss that over. Sirius has become the man he should have been. He is kinder and gentler though still a prankster too.

Thanks to Aberforth and what he did all those years before. Still there will be hard times, that will not change but there are so many people here to help and that is what is needed here.

## Chapter Seven: New DADA Teacher:

Harry was both nervous and excited when school started again. He was going into his fifth year of school and this year was the year he would take his OWLS. That and he had become more than friends with Ginny. He had hoped she had felt something for him and that she did not think he was showing off with his fame and all. When he learned that she worried he thought she wanted to be with him just for his fame and that she really cared about him his heart had sung. He was worried too as Aberforth had spoke to him about the new Defense teacher. Harry had every reason to worry about her as The Quibbler had been running stories regarding what had happened in the Graveyard courtesy of their star new reporter Rita Skeeter. Deloris Umbridge was not a direct target but she was hinted at and Harry knew she would not be happy with him in school at all.

Rita proved to be a great politician in her own right if one could call what she did that. She was living in hiding as the death eaters and Voldemort wanted her head on a pike for what she wrote. She had put up an extensive profile of Voldemort and explained exactly why so many in Slytherin had been tricked in to serving the faux heir of Slytherin. The only real interview Harry had done had been all about house unity at Hogwarts and that the students who had parents who were death eaters were just as much victims as everyone else. Aberforth had stressed that house unity was needed, even so Harry knew this year was going to be difficult to say the least with Umbridge at the school and Draco probably wanting his head on a pike himself. It was with that in mind Harry got on the train on September first and found a compartment with Ginny and took a seat with her.

“Ron is lucky, he gets to sit in the Prefect compartment.” Ginny said.

“He seemed upset I did not get the Prefect badge.” Harry said, “however I don’t need any more fame and he really has followed the rules better.”

“I just hope he does not get a swelled head.” Ginny said, “like Percy.”

“Percy is a prat, Ron never could be that.” Harry said.

“Can we join you?” Neville asked at the door Luna Lovegood by his side.

“Sure, plenty of room.” Harry replied.

“I would watch out Draco is a Prefect.” Neville said looking a bit disgruntled. “Bet he will use that to lord it over all of us.”

“Or to defend himself.” Luna said, “after all it has to be pretty hard when his father was called out as a death eater.”

“You always say the smartest things.” Neville said smiling at her.

“I am Ravenclaw you know.” Luna said smiling back.

Harry grinned, this was one other thing Aberforth had helped with, when Luna had lost her mother in a horrible accident Aberforth had made sure that she was taken care of and Mrs. Weasley was happy to take care of the girl. Luna was a bit odd true but she looked lovely as she shared makeup tips and such with Ginny. She even had learned about Quidditch and had become very much like a sister to Ginny, today she looked lovely even with a strange necklace of butter beer bottle caps and she was studying the Quibbler and Harry’s latest interview on house unity, he had made sure to not include anything about Voldemort only hinting at him. Again Aberforth had steered him in the right direction as he hoped this would keep Umbridge off the poor boy.

Unfortunately it didn’t work, at the very first defense class she had rounded on Harry hoping to get him upset. Harry had developed a calm however with his Occlumency training and so he was able to keep calm even as she rounded on him in her first class with him. He decided to do something that many would state was very Slytherin of him but he had seen it work wonders when the twins were trying to annoy Severus without looking like they were. He decided to be very nice to her and respectful to her refusing to let her see just how angry and upset she was making him as she did her best to pick him apart.

“So Mr. Potter you enjoy slandering the parents of students here?” Umbridge said to him and Harry had to control his anger.

“I do not know what you mean professor.” Harry said innocently. “I did a few interviews this summer but that was about house unity. There really is not enough of that you know.”

“What about the other articles?” Umbridge said sweetly, “the lies Voldemort is back?”

“Oh you know Rita Skeeter she loves to write interesting things.” Harry said seething inside with anger but showing an innocent face. “I am so looking forward to Quidditch this year, I do hope you can come see the first match should be great fun, the two best Seekers in Hogwarts will be playing.”

Draco was in the class and looked over at Harry shocked for a moment then smirked. Too bad Harry had not been sorted to Slytherin because he was acting very Slytherin now. Draco was puzzled, Harry had all but defended Slytherin this summer and because of that very few in the school were willing to confront him about his father. They left him alone, then again the Prefect badge did get them to think twice and kept him safe in a manner of speaking, that and he refused to go anywhere with out Crabbe and Goyle. He knew he needed them as there were many here who wished to do him harm. Harry was actually being nice enough that Draco was wondering if his parents views were all wrong.

“I see, well then this year according to the curriculum you are to start learning shield charms.” Umbridge said, “Mr. Malfoy what is a shield charm good for?”

“Well if you are making a potion and there is an accident” here he looked at Neville who just grinned sheepishly, “you can put one up to protect yourself.”

“Mr. Potter what would you use one for?”

“Well I have used one to keep Fred and George from turning my hair different colors.” Harry said.

“You know how to use one?” Umbridge said not happy about that fact.

“So do I professor.” Draco said.

“Show me how you would defend yourself, choose any spell you like.” Umbridge said to the boys. “Up front here.”

Now she was not doing this to be nice, in fact she was trying to see if Harry would use a curse so she could punish him for it. However he once more infuriated her by not falling for her tricks, he bowed to Draco who did the same and cast a very verbal color changing charm. Draco blocked it and sent it back to Harry who just “happened” to not duck in time. The class roared with laughter as Harry’s hair turned green and Umbridge was livid but smiled sweetly refusing to show her anger. Draco smirked and he sent a jelly legs jinx at Harry who easily blocked it causing Draco to have to jump out of the way of it. The boys looked to Umbridge to see if they could continue and again she was livid but smiled sweetly at the boys realizing that they were far smarter than she realized.

“I see very good, you may take a seat, the rest of today you will spend learning the theory of the shield charm.” She said glaring at Harry and as he went back to his seat. “So much like your father, so arrogant as he was.”

“Sorry professor, I will try to be better.” Harry said doing his best to look contrite.

“I will be watching you Mr. Potter when you slip up...”

Harry left the class angry and stayed that way all day, it got so bad Severus gave him a detention in potions for that evening for melting his cauldron a mistake he had never made before. He came to Severus’s office that evening and Severus saw the anger rolling off the teen in waves. It was scary to watch as Harry’s green eyes were glowing (easier to see now as the boy was wearing magical contacts and not glasses) and the power was nearly visible. Remus was there as was Padfoot who turned into Sirius and looked at Harry with concern. He was about to blow literally and he felt for his godson as Harry radiated his magical power.

“Do you wish to throw something Mr. Potter?” Severus asked him.

“I wish to kill her, I hate her she is evil!” Harry shouted.

“Well it could be worse.” Remus said calmly.

“How could it be worse Re...professor?” Harry snapped.

“Well she wanted to bring her own curriculum but as the parents and guardians had signed off already on the curriculum selected I might add by Greasy Git.” Here Sirius said using his nickname he had for Severus.

“Thank you Mutt.” Severus replied.

“Yes well it was not selected by Dumbledore but by a man who has studied the dark arts and defending one’s self from it as much as his potions.” Remus finished. “She was going to dumb down the class.”

“She tried to trick me and I don’t know I can do this!”

“You can and you will.” Severus said getting into his face, “you will do well and you will not ever and I repeat ever melt a cauldron in my class. You are not Longbottom or Sirius Black in potions kindly do not embarrass me like that again!”

“I-I am sorry sir.” Harry said and he meant it.

“Good, you will do lines.” Severus said, “starting now.”

“Yes sir.”

“Just lines?” Sirius said raising an eyebrow. “You are getting soft.”

“Mutt you kept this up and I have a dungeon ready for you and I promise no-one will hear your screams.” Severus said silkily.

“Right then.” Sirius said, “well I will see you later Harry.”

He morphed back to Padfoot and walked out with Remus, this was not unusual for Remus to be seen in with a big black dog, once poor Trelawney had got over the shock and learned who it was (and Sirius had all but charmed his way into her heart in human and dog form) she made sure there was a tin of dog biscuits sent to Remus for him. Sirius had been here more and more now that Harry was at school to help guard him but always in dog form and even Umbridge so far had not been able to kick him out. Then if she had known who the dog was (Animagus still had to register but it was kept private and only the unspeakables knew who was one) she would have thrown him out as she did not like dogs. So it was Remus lead Padfoot back to his office and the great big shaggy black dog flopped in front of the fire with a sigh of contentment.

Harry meantime realized Severus really was evil, he finished the last line and put down the quill and handed over the parchment that stated I will not let my temper create problems in potions three hundred times. Severus let him go and he walked up to the Gryffindor common room looking disgruntled. He took a seat and Ron saw he was not happy looking at all. That was a mean and cruel thing Snape had done he thought, three hundred lines were bad enough but he was made to right them all left handed! Severus was indeed a very evil wicked wizard who had to be laughing at his discomfort now. He took out his Defense Grade Five book and started to study and realized Severus really had been lenient with him, if he were Severus he would be hanging by his toes in a dark dungeon for what he had done in potions.

“What did he make you do?” Neville asked him.

“Lines, three hundred of them!” Harry sighed.

“Well lines are not that bad!” Hermione added.

“They are when he made me do them all left handed!” Harry groaned.

“That is evil.” Ron said, “I knew he was evil making you do that!”

“Well could have been worse, he could have make me grade first year papers.” Harry said.

"That would be beyond evil." Ron nodded in agreement.

Harry made sure to keep out of trouble over the next few weeks, he knew Umbridge had it out for him. He was extra careful in potions and never again did he make any mistakes. Severus was relieved but still kept a close watch on him and Draco who was under just as much pressure. His father being accused by The Quibbler and Rita Skeeter as a death eater did not make life easier for the boy despite Harry doing all he could to be nice to him and keep his friends from making Draco's life a living hell. He was most defiantly not his father in school (well the first five and a half years that is) he was caring and noble and really everything a Gryffindor was suppose to be. With all the work on the fifth years added to that the Quidditch practice Harry and Ron were undergoing trouble was the last thing they were able to get into and that make more than one professor very happy...

Now we had to have a bit more of snarky potions master Snape here. Yea Umbridge is teaching, even with all the work Aberforth has done he could not keep her out of the school Still she is not as smart as all the people who have raised Harry and she will get hers.

## Chapter Eight: Quidditch Match: Gryffindor Vs. Slytherin:

Harry finished putting on his uniform and grabbed his broom, he was looking forward to this match as he headed to the field and looked up to see a sea of Red and Gold with only two hundred or so supporters for Slytherin at the south end clad all in green. Of course that did include professor Severus Snape in regal robes of emerald green trimmed in the finest silver braid. Surrounded like he was he looked like a nobleman from long ago as he surveyed the crowd and field. Even Lucius Malfoy could not pull off the haughty nobleman look like Severus and speaking of which Harry saw him sitting right by Severus. He ignored the man and walked onto the pitch right behind Angela the twins flanking him like bodyguards. Ron looked much better since Angela had talked to him getting him riled up so he would play a good game. The team captains shook hands and Madam Hooch blew her whistle and the teams took off into the sky and Harry started to look for the snitch right away.

“This should be a great match today.” Came the slightly dreamy voice of Luna Lovegood, “bright sun could effect seeing the snitch, Quidditch is easier to play in the rain and such. Nice save by Ron Weasley and there are his brothers....Why you that was a foul you stinking....”

“Miss Lovegood!” McGonagall’s voice came over the magical megaphone.

“Sorry professor but one of the twin trolls, that is Crabbe and Goyle, really ugly and stupid it’s a wonder....”

“Miss Lovegood you get back to the game now!”

“Sorry professor oh my look at Draco Malfoy he has seen something as has Harry they are going into a dive and oh Draco may have it....no wow that was close to the ground my they are brave to fly like that! Then again they have the best brooms out there, Harry is flying the Firebolt and Draco had his Nimbus 2000, the Nimbus is a great broom but the Firebolt....:”

“Miss Lovegood we are not selling brooms here commentate the game please!” McGonagall snapped.

“Sorry professor, oh wow I think I see the snitch!”

Harry turned sharply and saw the snitch at the same time as Draco and they went for it at the same time. Unfortunately at this time a bludger came and smacked Draco right in the face. Harry turned from the snitch and saw Draco was about to faint, forgetting the snitch he caught Draco before he could fall and helped him to the ground. A roar came up from the crowd and Luna’s “such chivalry” was barely heard. Harry didn’t care what anyone thought of him after that, a game was not worth someone dying over. He flew back into the sky searching for the snitch while Draco was cleaned up and declared fit to fly. He got on his broom and took to the sky with a roar of approval from the south stands.

“Fell better?” Harry asked him grinning.

“Did until I saw your ugly face Potter.” Draco shot at him.

“See you later then.” Harry said taking off as he saw the snitch again Draco right behind him.

“Why did you save me?” Draco said as they lost sight of the snitch once more.

“It was the right thing to do.” Harry said scanning for the snitch. “Besides the game would not have been any fun with out a challenge and you provide the challenge.”

“So all for the challenge I provide in the game then is it?” Draco said.

“That is correct Malfoy, see you later!”

He went into a steep dive and Draco thinking he saw the snitch went after him. At the very last moment he knew Harry had not seen it and he pulled up sharp before he hit the ground. Harry was right he did want a challenge and he was going to get it. The game meantime had gotten very ugly. Flint had got a bludger to the face and was bleeding

badly and both Fred and George had been battered about a bit. But that was nothing compared to Ron. He had been hit twice "accidentally" with a bludger and was bleeding and a bit dazed, however he was also very, very angry and one thing he was when he got this angry was very focused. He shook off his dazed state and continued to block the Quaffle, wiping blood out of his eyes as he did so.

"Ron Weasley is an amazing keeper." Severus said impressed at the state of the youngest Weasley boy.

"Yes how he can see that way is a mystery to me." Lucius added, "are you sure we were this violent when we were in school?"

"Far worse, James would have let the other seeker fall forty feet, not young Harry Potter." Severus replied.

"He might as well be the poster child for Gryffindor." Lucius said, "he is brave to dare insinuate I am one of those people."

"That was more Rita Skeeter, he wants house unity." Severus said wincing as Crabbe took a bludger to the head. "Well at least it was only his head." He muttered.

"He would make a bloody good Political then." Lucius said.

"That he would and he means it, he has been trying to be nice to Draco." Severus said, "I think he gets Gryffindor house better than anyone I have ever seen."

"He is a Parseltongue though, how to do reconcile that?" Lucius asked.

"It's not an evil tongue, Tom Riddle just makes it seem that way." Severus replied quietly, the slight tremor in his good friend did not go unnoticed but he did not say a word about it.

Back on the Quidditch field the violence was getting to a fever pitch. Both sides had racked up some impressive penalties and the game had to be stopped to tend to the wounded, Ron was forced to come

down when Ginny told him she would tell their mother and get patched up. Still there were several black eyes and cuts to deal with and the game just got worse as the score racked up on each side. Fred and George were just as destructive as Crabbe and Goyle and even Ginny did not back down from violence and got a penalty for elbowing Flint nearly knocking him off his broom. He retaliated a few minutes later by sending a bludger straight at Ron breaking his nose. Ron roared in pain and swore violently at Flint who grinned nastily at him and went back to the game. He got a penalty but did not care it had been worth it, until Ginny called him something she never would have if her mother had been there.

"I have never seen such destruction!" Luna said over the battle over her head, "such brutal force...Marcus Flint that was a stinking low down rotten thing you don't hurt Ginny!" Luna screamed as Ginny got "accidentally" hit in the shoulder with a bat.

"Miss Lovegood I am warning you!" McGonagall said.

"A yes Madam Hooch saw that." Luna said much quieter. "Take that you great cheating baboon's..."

"Miss Lovegood!!"

"Sorry professor, ah I think Harry has seen, yes he has seen the snitch!"

It was true, far below him Harry saw the tell tale sign of gold and he went into a dive, Draco saw this at the same time and he was diving for it. The boys were neck and neck and the ground and snitch were getting closer. Each reached out a hand, Harry willed his broom to go that much faster and his hand closed on the snitch and he pulled up just in time as did Draco. He held up the snitch a grin spreading across his face and SIX blurs descended on him catching him in an embrace. Laughing and whooping they landed patting Harry on the back and grinning as they did so.

"So you managed to win, pure luck that." Flint said and the team turned.

“Let me take care of this.” Harry said to his team mates and he walked up his hand out. “Great game Flint, we need to do that again.”

“What so you can loose?” Flint shot back.

“Well that was really close, tied until Harry caught the snitch.” Ginny said, “it was a fun game, want to play again sometime?”

“Let’s go.” Flint said.

“Really Mr. Flint that last bludger to the head must have addled you, wanting to play more.” Poppy said coming up. “All of you what am I to do with you?”

The fourteen teens were about to say something but they saw Snape and McGonagall walking down to the pitch. Both had realized that the violence of the game could extend to after the game and were going to stop it now. Harry grinned and looked at Severus and McGonagall and then at the Slytherins, Fred and George had already got the idea and the Slytherins did too. However so did Severus and he narrowed his eyes and drew his wand lazily twirling it between long slender fingers.

“It would be most beneficial to your health if you refrain from any activity you were planning.” Severus said silkily.

“Um we wanted to show inner house cooperation sir?” Harry said innocently.

“Mr. Potter would like me to turn all of you to toads and starting with you use your internal organs in my potions?”

“No sir not really sir.” Harry said grinning he turned to McGonagall.

“Do not even think of it or Aberforth will have fourteen new goats!” She said primly.

“Ah professor Umbridge!” Harry said brightening up as he saw Umbridge coming to the pitch to see what was going on. “I love you, you are brilliant!”

“In fact I think.” Fred added,

“This calls for” George chimed in.

“Group....”

“If you even dare try that dear children I will string you up in the dungeons by your thumbs.” She said sweetly.

“I have just the one you can borrow.” Severus said nearly giving McGonagall a heart attack that he was agreeing with the pink clad horror. “Back to your common rooms and stay out of trouble.”

“Yes professor.” They all said.

Harry was trying not to laugh as he walked by quietly, Umbridge was very serious about her threat, McGonagall and Severus would just make them scrub cauldrons or do lines but Umbridge really would string them up by their thumbs. They entered the common room to a roar of approval and the party began in earnest. Fred and George borrowed Harry’s cloak and came back with food and drink for everyone. The party lasted well into the night when McGonagall came and ordered everyone to bed.

The next weeks passed quickly for Harry and he found with all the homework, Quidditch practice and Umbridge trying to get him to slip up he was always busy. Umbridge it turned out was not just a teacher here, she was here to undermine the authority of the headmaster and bring the school under ministry control. Though The Quibbler was banned and Harry was carefully watched on his Hogsmead trips (as he was a model student Umbridge could not even ban him from Hogsmead) somehow howlers kept coming to Umbridge in her office every day as parents were not happy she had tried to sack Hagrid (even though his classes were of the best quality) threatening the venerable head of Ravenclaw with probation and calling Severus Snape on more than one occasion a death eater.

“Mr. Potter.” Umbridge said one day as Harry was on his way to potions.

“Yes professor Umbridge?” Harry said forcing himself to smile sweetly at her though he wanted to reach for his wand and blast her off the planet, one thing he was learning this year was how to be a great actor. “What can I do for you ma’am?”

“Know you are behind what is going on with the Quibbler.” She said all trace of niceness gone from her voice.

“I swear under oath I do not know what you mean.” Harry said and that was partly true.

“How is she getting in?” Umbridge demanded.

“Who ma’am?” Harry asked.

“Rita Skeeter I know she is getting in, you supplying Polyjuice potion, glamours how are you doing it boy?”

“I am sorry professor but I do not know what you mean.” Harry said, “if you will excuse me but if I am late to professor Snape’s class he will string me up in the most dark foul dungeon here.”

He left his anger had turned to mirth as he headed to the dungeons and took a seat. Severus raised an eyebrow as he walked by and Harry forced himself to sober and ironically he saw they were making a calming drought. Harry set to work carefully making his potion and getting a very slight almost unnoticeable smile from Severus. Harry was advancing by leaps and bounds so much so he helped the younger students with potions and was shaping up to be nearly as good as his mother in potions.

Little Hangleton:

Aberforth shivered as he made his way to the old shack that looked as if it would fall down at any moment. It had taken him years to find out exactly where his daft brother had found the ring as his brother had not been very talkative in that other time line. Aberforth took out the charmed cloth from the pockets of his robes and walked into the ruins of the hovel and with his wand found the ring. Carefully, making

sure that the ring was well wrapped he put it into a small box and headed out of the house. Once this was destroyed that would be three down and two more to go. Then Harry or Neville or both could take out Voldemort, either one would be more than ready.

Nine months ago he had visited Grimmauld place stating he wanted to help Sirius with the house. Once in the house he had sat down with Kreacher and told him he knew a little about the locket and that Regulus had died to destroy it. The poor elf had sobbed out his story and once done Aberforth had managed to open the locket (being friends with the head of Slytherin and getting said friend drunk enough to teach one word of Parseltongue had paid off after all). Kreacher had used the goblin made dagger to destroy the Horcrux. Aberforth all but ordered Sirius to be nice to Kreacher but he needn't have worried. Sirius had learned how to be nice to elves due to his outstanding treatment of Dora.

"Tom you wicked boy why did you do this?" Aberforth muttered to himself and hid as he saw two death eaters heading to the manor so close to this hovel.

"You hear something?" One clearly Lucius asked his compatriot.

"Probably Nagini on a hunt." The other man said.

"Wonder if she would rid us of a certain rat." Lucius said.

"Nah the dark lord has his uses for him, worthless as he is he is the only potions maker he could find as Snape never took the mark."

"No he did not, but then again he has always wished to make money and he is very rich now." Lucius said.

"Yea he is that but rumor has it he joined Dumbledore's Order." The other said, "and that the brat-who-lived well he is close to him."

"Not from what I saw at the match, though Severus did let him get away with a bit of cheek though professor McGonagall was there." Lucius replied.

“He still wants him, you know that, it would put us in good standing if we got him for the dark lord.”

“He will not join.” Lucius said.

“Everyone has their price.”

The men walked on and Aberforth crept away quietly until he was out of range of the mens hearing and Apparate away. His first stop was Bill Weasley, one of the best curse breakers he had ever come across. Bill looked at the ring carefully with dragonskin gloves enforced with charms and wards against any evil magic. It took him only fifteen minutes to break the charms and destroy the Horcrux within. He tossed the now safe ring to Aberforth free of any dark magic.

“What next cow tipping?” Bill said then he grinned. “Thought you said you had a challenge.”

“You show off, I will get you back for that.” Aberforth growled.

“What the rack?”

“No I will tell your mother you are mean to me.”

“Now that is evil and you know it!” Bill said.

“I know, oh and thank you for your help.” Aberforth said.

“You gonna ever tell your brother?” Bill asked.

“After I destroy them all, all the prophecy says is Harry has to kill Voldemort, he cannot do that if these things are around. I still don’t know how may he made though but I am willing to bet it was six, once he killed Harry that would have been seven but I don’t know. You find professor Slughorn?”

“No sorry the goblins are keeping me so busy even here in England .”

“Sure it is not Fleur?” Aberforth shot back at him.

“Get out of here you dirty old man!” Bill countered.

“Sure, owl me when you have word on anything.”

Aberforth left with the now destroyed ring to add to his small collection. His brother had said something to him in the other time line and he was trying to recall it. Something about the holy grail, no that was not right, cup, cup Hufflepuff cup! Yes that made since but where would that be kept? Aberforth recalled a conversation held with Harry (or would have been held) and he knew where it was. This time he had to get that cup without destroying Gringotts this time around...

I did not forget about Aberforth, just had him working in the background a bit there. As for Quidditch I just had to add more here as it is fun to see Harry and Draco play and of course it can be an ugly game and dangerous.

## Chapter Nine: The Attack and Aftermath:

Harry felt weak and ashamed, he was really trying so hard to keep his mind closed but so far it was not working. Try as he might at night he ended up dreaming and in that dream he always saw the same thing, a long corridor that lead to a door and beyond a room filled with golden light. He told Sirius and Remus but was too embarrassed to tell Severus, he felt he was failing him some way as he had taught him Occlumency and would be upset with him. Of course he was being foolish as Severus would never be upset at him for this. In fact he would be very concerned and worried as Harry should be able to block his mind fully now. It was close to Christmas and Harry was going to spend it for the first time away from the Lair and at Grimmauld place.

On a cold night when snow fell softly outside and the boys were asleep in their dorms Harry had the dream again. This time he saw a man asleep against the door and he was much closer to the ground. He wanted to attack the man and he slithered up to the man and bit him. Then with horror Harry saw who the man was, it was Mr. Weasley! The someone was shaking him and trying to wake him and he came awake sweating and shaking. He looked up to see Ron and Neville over him with Seamus and Dean right behind them looking very worried. Harry knew what had happened was not a dream, it was real! He tried to speak but no words came at first then he tried again.

“What is it Harry what happened?” Neville asked him.

“Ron your dad, attacked the ministry!” Harry said.

“It was a dream mate.” Ron said looking pale.

“No I was there, snake attacked your dad, we have to hurry...”

“What is going on here?” Came the voice of McGonagall and Harry turned to her very pale.

“I saw Ron’s dad attacked in the ministry!” Harry shouted.

“Alright get up, we have to go to the headmaster.” McGonagall said.

Harry wanted to run as there was so little time and he could be dead! He followed McGonagall out of the dorms and common room and down to the headmaster’s office. His heart was racing and he was still sweating and scared as he was lead up to the office of the headmaster. He told the headmaster the tale and Dumbledore did not even look at Harry. Severus was there and put a hand on Harry’s shoulder and Harry wanted to strike out at him at once. Severus looked very worried and guided Harry to the fireplace and Dumbledore, who had just spoke to two portraits, one of headmaster Black the other of a witch Harry did not know looked at him questioningly.

“He needs help headmaster.” Severus said, “I know who can help him.”

“Please hurry.” Harry said, “he is hurt!”

“Where are you taking him?” Dumbledore asked.

“ Grimmauld Place , Sirius will know where Fleur is.” Severus said.

“Severus you cannot....”

“I can and will! This child is my responsibility headmaster, you know that and I am taking him where he can get help!” Severus snapped at the headmaster.

“Of course my boy but is it safe...”

“This boy is suffering, the more I argue with you the more he suffers, good night headmaster!” Severus said throwing floo powder on the fire.” Grimmauld Place Order of the Phoenix !”

He gently but firmly lead Harry through the floo and after a wild ride they came out at Grimmauld place. Severus gave a prayer of thanks at seeing not only Sirius here but Bill and Fleur, there was a God indeed above and Fleur took one look at the boy and went into mothering mode. She took Harry from Severus checking his forehead

for fever then with an oath in French she took her hand away from the scar and turned on Severus anger in her eyes.

“How long has he suffered with this?” She demanded.

“The open connection, since Voldemort came back.” Severus said.

“This scar it is more than curse, I will help I can.”

“You don’t mean that there is part of that beast in my godson do you?” Sirius said weakly.

“A part yes, isolated but trying to take over I think.” Fleur said, “I can help, I can remove the evil but allow him to keep spying on dark lord I think.”

“What do you mean?” Severus asked.

“I am part Veela, I am not as strong as grandmother but she taught me how to fight evil like this.” Fleur said.

“Do what you must.” Sirius said, then as she took Harry out and up to the Parlor Sirius looked over at Severus who had sat down and downed a shot of fire whisky and was going for another. “What happened?”

“Dumbledore happened what the hell do you think happened, Bill your father was attacked in the ministry, no he will live Harry saw it, rather he was in the mind of Voldemort when he attacked, or had his snake attack.”

“Where does Dumbledore come into this?” Bill asked.

“He is mental, I really believe this now, no not evil.” Severus held up a hand at the fury coming on Bill’s face, “he is trying to do what is right but I don’t think his mind is all there. That is not his fault but I think he knew that there was a possibility of Voldemort passing more than his powers to Harry.”

“A bit of soul.” Bill said, “I can help Fleur if she needs back-up, it’s a matter of isolating the evil bit and getting it out without damaging the human. A bit tricky but it can be done.”

“So a Horcrux then.” Sirius said putting a shaking hand to his head.

“No, not exactly, this can be destroyed without destroying the person it is attached to, it’s more like a parasite that can be removed.” Bill said.

“I am going to kill Dumbledore, if he knew...”

“He would have thought it was a Horcrux or something like it and be researching a way to remove it safely.” Severus said, “the fact he did not ask a Veela shows he is smart but due to his upbringing he would not think to look very far beyond the human element. Either that or he is senile and should be pitied and not scorned.”

“Good point Severus, still that is my godson...”

“And my good friend’s son and as annoying a brat as they get.” Severus said a small smile on his lips. “Your fault really.”

“You evil bat.” Sirius said.

“Thank you, I love bats.”

“You would.”

“Taste like chicken.” Severus deadpanned.

“You did not just say that!”

While the wizards were talking in the sitting room Ron, Ginny, Fred and George landed in the kitchen and took a seat at the table to wait for news on their father. He had been found and was headed to St. Mungos he had been bit and was in bad shape but it looked as if he would live. Upstairs Fleur was singing over Harry words of a deeper magic if you will than any Voldemort could hope to use. It was pure and sweet and the songs she sang of love and God and of the goodness of the earth rising up and triumphing over evil. She

continued far into the night and Bill came to offer help chanting counter curses over the scar. The other children did not go into the room as Bill had warned everyone to stay out and let him and Fleur take care of Harry.

Hours later, as dawn started to creep across London two people pulled through that long cold night. Mr. Weasley was sleeping and his wound had been treated with anti-venom and it was starting to heal and Fleur removed the piece of soul and trapped it in a small crystal vial watching it turn green then vanish. Harry stirred and smiled a peaceful smile and fell fast asleep on her lap. Bill gently picked him up getting a mild protest from the boy in his sleep. He wrapped Harry in blankets and took him to bed. For the first time in a long time Harry did not dream and slept the full day and another night away while everyone let him get his rest. He came down early on his second day here into the dining room yawning his head off his hair sticking up all over the place.

“You cannot be tired.” Sirius said, “you slept a full twenty four hours pup!”

“Well I feel so much better, Fleur saved me didn’t she?” Harry asked.

“Yea she did, she went to see how Arthur is doing with Bill but will be back later.” Remus said.

“Oh Harry thank you so much for saving Arthur!” Mrs. Weasley said coming up to give him a large hug. “You need to eat, it’s been too long since you last ate.”

“I would rather not save someone like that again, too painful.” Harry replied.

“Sirius told me what happened, to have that in you, you poor boy!” Mrs. Weasley said.

“Don’t say it, uncle Siri do not say it or I will hex you!” Harry said seeing his godfather get an entirely too innocent look on his face.

“Really Padfoot it would not be nice.” Remus said quietly. “Let the boy eat in peace.”

Harry sat down and tucked in the large bowl of porridge a stack of toast and lots of orange juice. He did not know it but his scar, once purple was now white and no longer did it hurt. He was sure Voldemort knew of the connection and was sure he would try use it again but Harry could block him now and that made him happy for a moment. Then guilt over came him and he looked up to see the adults watching him.

“It’s not your fault, it’s not as if you asked for that thing to do that to you.” Mrs. Weasley said.

“But how can you say that I mean I attacked him didn’t I?”

“No you did not, you had a very personal view of it but your feelings such were not your own.” Mrs. Weasley said. “Besides you are fine and Arthur will be home today.”

Harry felt much better and he went back to his breakfast just as Ron, Ginny Fred and George came into the room. Fred took a seat on one side of Harry, George took a seat on the other and Harry had an idea they were there to cheer him up. He finished his breakfast and sat talking with the family blushing at their gratitude and thanks. After breakfast he was studying when Severus stopped by briefly to make sure he was alright. He was not there long before Alastor Moody showed up and Harry could have cut the tension with a knife. Severus hated Moody and Moody hated Severus, Harry was surprised at the fact they had not killed each other in Hogwarts. Dumbledore had managed to keep them apart and that was a miracle, yet Dumbledore was not here now and so the two men went off on each other.

“If it isn’t my least favorite death eater.” Moody snarled.

“You must have forgot your medication Moody as your mind is clearly addled, it is very clear I am no death eater.” Severus shot back.

“You callin’ me insane boy?”

“If the shoe fits...” Severus said looking down at Moody’s carved wooden leg, “seeing as you only have one foot...”

“Boy you are treading on thin ice.” Moody growled slumping up to shove Severus.

“Better tread I think ice than be as ugly as you.” Severus shot at Moody getting the small audience gathered to gasp in shock.

“At least I learned to wash my hair boy.” Moody shot back.

“So juvenile Moody, then again I think you had way too many hits to the head...”

“Boy you just crossed the line.” Moody said drawing his wand getting Severus to draw his a moment later.

“Just what is going on here?” Came the voice of Mrs. Weasley.

Both men turned and all color had drained out of each man’s face, Mrs. Weasley was very calm, in fact it was intimidating to see her this calm. She was more disappointed than angry and Severus could have handled being tortured by Voldemort himself to the look in her eyes. She ordered them into the parlor and shut the door. Fred dangled a long flesh colored string in front of Harry and grinning Harry took the extendable ear and let it trail to the door. He put the other end in his ear but removed it quickly as the very calm voice of Mrs. Weasley stated if she saw whoever was on the other end of the ear she would make their life very painful.

“Um they are dead.” Harry said to Fred and George as they headed into the sitting room.

“Who are dead, what did your godfather and professor Remus do?” Neville said from where he was brushing ashes off his cloak.

“It’s professors Moody and Snape.” Harry said. “Mrs. Weasley is talking to them.”

“Oh are we going to need a new potions master?” Neville asked.

“One who is preferably not Slytherin?” Ron said.

“Hey you know he is brilliant and he expects all of us to work very hard.” Harry said.

“I would so date him.” Tonks said walking into the room getting the boys to gag. “What he is quite a nice looking man, though I think Remus is so sexy.”

The boys ran not wanting to hear anymore as Ginny and Hermione were now in the room with Tonks and girl talk was not anything they wanted to get in the middle of! They headed to the library and started to study, this was where Severus found him looking a bit subdued, at least he still looked like he had all his body parts. He carefully sat down by Harry and looked him over touching his mind with Legilimancy, Harry swore at him in his mind smirking as Severus raised an eyebrow.

“Thinking of using that language with the unnamed one?” Severus asked.

“Um a bit more actually sir.” Harry replied.

“You will end up as ash.” Severus said.

“It will be the best looking ash around.” Harry said.

“Doubtful you look like you stuck your finger in a light socket.”

“Point taken, think I should grow it out or something?

“Or something, let’s practice, Longbottom is here and all of you need much work.”

“I just got part of a dark lord out of my head.” Harry grumbled.

"You slept for over twenty four hours straight." Severus replied walking out and Harry stuck his tongue out at him. "Do that again brat and I will have your tongue in a jar on my desk!"

Ron shook his head and followed Harry out, he could not help but like professor Snape. He was strict and demanding but he really did care, Ron could see that. He would like him better if he were not Slytherin though and he thought for a quick second that may just be unfair. He shook that feeling off and went to join in practice. One thing was for sure the rest of this year was going to be very interesting indeed and he was thinking of actually helping his brothers get Umbridge. He may be a prefect but he was not Percy and would turn a blind eye to some (not all of course) of his brother's pranks. He just hoped like all his friends did that Voldemort was too busy getting his face fixed or something. He certainly hoped that was the case as he did not really want too much adventure, playing Quidditch as keeper was enough adventure for him...

It's peaceful and nice that Harry no longer has that evil in his head. School will go good now and Harry will be just fine. Ah yea right, the next chapters will be extremely dark and violent. Just thought you might like to know in advance.

## Chapter Ten: Evil Incarnate:

Severus Snape was in a relatively good mood as he headed to Hogsmead. He had just finished the practical exams for the fifth year OWL exams and knew that he would be seeing Harry, Granger Draco and the youngest Weasley boy in his NEWT classes next year. He of course had scowled when he took their samples refusing to let them know as he still had to fully grade them. He was a strict though very good teacher, he would not accept any slacking off in his classes. He terrified most of the first years and it was true he did favor his house a bit more than others but that was to be expected from him. He could be a hard man but no-one could accuse him of not caring about the students, even Gryffindors who seemed to get into more trouble than the other three houses combined!

Yet the black clad potions master was not dwelling on that, no he was thinking on several ingredients he needed for his latest experiments as he headed into Hogsmeade. As he stepped into the village he heard several cracks from Apparation and had his wand out at once. He ordered the villagers into the buildings as they, like those in Diagon Alley were warded against Apparation directly into them. A chill came over him as he saw at least ten death eaters in black robes and hoods and bone white masks appear and he hoped one of them was not his good friend Lucius Malfoy. It took him a split second to realize they were after him and he started to fight back. He could not recall doing anything publicly to tick off the dark lord, unless you counted refusing to join him and this could not bode well for him at all.

“Well, well the ickle potions master can fight back can he?” Came the cold cruel voice of Bellatrix Lestrange freshly escaped from Azkaban.

“Should have known you would come after me Bellatrix.” Severus said blocking a curse she sent his way. “Really now Voldemort should have sent more of you, only ten?”

“We don’t need more.” Came a less familiar voice. “He wants you and he will get you.”

“I am not his, I am my own man!” Severus snarled casting a blasting charm so powerful he knocked several death eaters off their feet but

not so powerful it damaged the street. "Leave now and tell Voldemort to sod off!"

"Filthy little brat!" Bellatrix screamed casting a spell at him. "How dare you speak his name!"

"Because unlike you I can." Severus taunted, "what don't like the fact the slave-mark you bare has made you mute to mention his name? Want me to use his real name? Tom Riddle? Supposed heir of Slytherin that has made my job as head of that much more difficult as everyone is blaming my house for his evil?"

"How dare you!" Bellatrix screamed.

"Insane as ever my dear." Severus snarled.

He did not see the small rat scurry from the pocket of a death eater behind Bellatrix. He did not see said rat turn to the human form of Wormtail and take out his wand and aim it at the back of Severus. It was a cowardly act and as such very evil as he set a stunner and watched with glee as Severus slumped to the ground in a heap of black robes. The death eaters were on him at once and two grabbed him and Apparated away with him along with the other death eaters. All this took less than five minutes, far too short a time for any rescue to come for the well respected potions master. The villagers now released from the power that came with the order from Severus came out of their homes and shops just as several teachers came into the village headed by McGonagall. They of course were far, far too late to offer any help to the now prisoner of Voldemort.

Meantime Severus had been deposited in one of the many dungeon prisons of Voldemort and his nightmare was just beginning. He was woken up as the death eaters here want him awake for the bit of fun they were going to have with him. He tried to fight back as he realized just what they were doing but got hit and kicked for it as they quickly stripped him naked. This was done for several reasons, the two main were to humiliate him as he was a potions master and very skilled wizard and they had to take anything away from him that would allow him to defend himself. He was a very modest man and this very nearly drove him over the edge, he knew there were witches here

and he curled up trying to both protect himself and preserve any dignity he might have left. The death eaters jeered at him and he was hit and kicked several times.

“That is for insulting our master!” Bellatrix screamed getting him with a Crucio curse causing him to moan in pain.

“Enough, the dark lord wants him unharmed.” Came the same voice Severus knew from somewhere, then it clicked, of course, Rudolphus Lestrange. “First get him up, he wants this done.”

“Get the hell away from me!” Severus snarled even as several hands seized him and drug him to his knees forcing his hands behind him, he saw the vial and clenched his jaw shut.

“Now don’t be difficult boy, just take it like a good little boy and we will not hurt you see?” That voice belonged to Avery, his son was a star Quidditch player and his father was one of these?

Severus ducked his head away from the vial but of course he knew he would be forced to take the potion and he knew what it was, a purging draught.

“You like pain? Keep this up and you will be in pain see?” Avery said and Severus knew what he would do, he took the potion and the death eaters stepped back in a hurry. “Good boy, see you can do as you are told.”

Severus utterly humiliated began to react to the potion and he got violently sick as the potion worked its way through his system. Someone cleaned up the mess and him and he saw an opening to try and get as far from his tormenters as this vast chamber would allow. He found the darkest corner he could and huddled up in it shivering and humiliated he knew the worst was to come. At least these death eaters seemed to have bored of their sport with him as they left him in the corner their work done for now. Rudolphus gathered up with his wand Severus’s clothing and put it in a box to be delivered with his master’s letter to the headmaster of Hogwarts. He wished he could be there to see the look of despair and horror on the aged

headmaster's face when he realized his prized pet was a captive of the dark lord...

Hogwarts:

Dumbledore felt so very old as the news of his potions master was conveyed to him, several witness saw him taking on ten death eaters by himself very well thank you until Wormtail had stunned him. His command to the villagers had been his undoing but then really he did not want them hurt so what could one expect? Dumbledore had called an emergency meeting and was about to start when an unknown owl came through the window. It dropped a box on his desk and flew out not waiting for an answer, Dumbledore took out his wand and cast a few spells. He was worried there were no spells on the box and he took the letter tied to the top of it and unrolled it and read it looking very grave.

To Headmaster Albus Dumbledore,

Greetings from Lord Voldemort, I have a certain young potions master and young wizard I am sure you would be most anxious to get back. Seems you claimed him long before I ever could and corrupted him from his true calling, no matter the boy is with me. Your pet will be returned you unharmed fear not! As long as you give me the prophecy.

I have returned a few things of your pet to you, to show I am in earnest and will if you do not meet my demands return your pet to you piece by piece. I will give you until tomorrow evening to meet my demands and then you will start receiving your potions master back in pieces starting with his fingers. Do not doubt I will do this.

Signed

The Dark Lord Voldemort.

"What is it Albus?" McGonagall asked at the pale look on the headmaster's face.

“Voldemort, he has made a request.” Dumbledore said looking careworn and very old now. “He wants the prophecy or he will send back Severus, piece by piece until I give it to him, he gave me Severus’s robes to show he meant what he said.”

“This is horrible!” Sprout said looking so upset now. “How could he, Severus is such a good boy!”

“If he harms him I will use the very worse charms I can on him.” Flitwick added.

“You have to give it to him.” McGonagall said, “Severus is worth far more than that prophecy!”

“I know but we do not have assurance he will give Severus back even if we do give it to him.” Dumbledore said.

“You cannot leave him with that monster!” Sprout said looking outraged.

“I don’t plan on doing that but finding him is going to be hard at the moment.” Dumbledore replied, “do you realize what I must do to Harry?”

“He already knows what it contains!” McGonagall said. “I don’t want to have him go and, and get it but if it saves Severus and you know how Harry cares about him.”

“Oh dear Gryffindors.” Flitwick muttered shaking his head. “Am I correct in stating that Harry has an open connection to Voldemort?” At the startled look from Dumbledore and McGonagall, “I am Ravenclaw you know and we see more than you would think, I may not be in your order officially Albus but I do know things.”

“It’s a trap then.” Dumbledore said wearily.

“We could turn it on Voldemort.” Sprout said carefully, “I don’t like using students but well it’s not as if Harry will stick around once he finds out will he?”

"Let him go there are you mad Pomona ?" McGonagall said sharply.

"Well we will not be far behind, in fact we could get there before he does and well hide, then take down a few death eaters ourselves," here Sprout gave out a nervous giggle, "oh dear now I sound like a Gryffindor!"

"Very well, no doubt my brother will have something to say about this." Dumbledore said regarding how his brother was meddling in his life so much now. "We will rescue him this way.

The other professors agreed though they did not want to have to rely on a fifteen year old boy to save Severus what choice did they have? It was not as if they could walk into the dungeon that Severus was in and rescue him as they would have no were to start with that. All they could do was pray and wait and hope this turn out well in the end...

#### Voldemort's Dungeon:

Voldemort walked into the vast chamber where his death eaters he had assigned to this task had deposited the potions master. The chamber was like a hall, built in ancient times for some long forgotten purpose it served Voldemort well. There were columns of black marble that held up the ceiling and a gray-white marble floor. Lamps hovered over head lighting up the space all but the farthest corners. He saw a figure huddled up in the corner and over him was Wormtail. He had his wand out but was not using it against the wizard on the floor, Voldemort would have to hex him if he did. No he was just taunting him trying to rile him up and that would not do at all. He walked up and looked down at the boy before him and saw there was not much to him, he was pale, almost too thin and with his dark brooding eyes and long black hair he was not much to look at either.

Severus was not having a good time of it at all, Wormtail had taken to tormenting him as much as possible and he refused to even look at him. He realized Wormtail was not to torture him so he just ignored him and wondered what was his fate here. He heard the soft footfalls of Voldemort and could smell the hint of snake about that man that was not due to Nagini around his shoulders. Severus looked up and he fought his fear down the best he could. All he could think off

looking at that pale hairless nose-less face with the red eyes was he was in hell and this was the devil incarnate. Voldemort removed the hood of his robes smiled coldly at Severus and the knot of fear was twisting Severus's gut. He wanted to be sick but had nothing left in him and instantly felt shamed by that feeling.

"Wormtail leave us now." Voldemort said and Wormtail got up and scurried off. "Not much to you is there?"

"I will not join you." Severus snarled.

"You once did, once so very nearly did join me." Voldemort said softly, "yet you chose to hide the greatness you deserve and become the pet of that old fool.

"I am a respected wizard, I have money I don't need to teach I do so because I want to!" Severus said, he wanted to add unlike you but knew it would get tortured for it. "I don't need you!"

"Well if your dear little students and that old fool wish to save you they will give me the prophecy, or you will go back to the headmaster piece by piece and I promise you will suffer."

With that he left for the time being and Severus knew he was dead and he wished it would be quick. However it seemed that was not to be, he knew there was no hope of rescue, the headmaster would never give that up. Some time later Severus looked up from where he was huddled as he heard a soft growling noise. His blood froze as he knew that sound, he may have been able to be around Remus Lupin and was even a friend with him but he was deathly afraid of any other werewolf and he knew that sound! To the untrained ear it was the sound of a wolf but to him it was far, far worse. He nearly whimpered in terror as the tall stocky figure of Grayback appeared. His face was surrounded by shaggy gray hair and he was mostly unshaven. He had claws for nails and Severus saw he had wolf's teeth even in human form.

"So this is the little pet of Dumbledore." Grayback growled softly.

“L-leave me a-lone!” Severus stammered unable to hide his terror.  
“Get away from me!”

“What is wrong pet?” Grayback said softly walking up to the terrified man. “I have already eaten though you are a tempting morsel I could make room for.”

“You foul monster you should be put down!” Severus screamed, “get the hell away from me!”

“Ah so you found my guest Fernier.” Voldemort said walking up to survey the scene.

Severus was trying so hard not to show his utter terror, he was going between wanting to get sick and wanting to scream but he did neither of these things but looked from Grayback to Voldemort wondering what was going to happen. Voldemort’s threat rang in his ears and he felt a scramble of panic and primal terror, he was too far gone for his terror to shame him and he huddled in the corner his hands behind him knees drawn up tight against his chest. Voldemort laughed coldly at this amusing sight before him while Grayback smiled showing his pointed teeth. Voldemort thought to add to that terror for a reason, he knew Severus was going to loose it and when he did his mind would be like a book to him to read.

“Show me your hands.” Voldemort commanded.

“P-please sir n-not my hands, please don’t.” Severus whimpered a tear falling down his face. “I-I am the head of Slytherin you cannot treat the head of your house this way!”

“Pathetic.” Grayback said, “then again I can see why Wormtail calls him Snivillus.”

“Peace Fernier let me deal with him, now show me your hands child.” Voldemort said raising his wand, “or shall I use an unforgivable on you?”

“Why are you doing this to me?” Severus asked still refusing to move.

“Because I can, now do as I order Severus, I have not harmed you yet but I am fast loosing my patience with you child.” Severus held out his hands sure he was to loose at least a finger if not a hand out of this. “Good boy.” Voldemort said then he frowned at the tattoo that Severus had on his inner left forearm, that of a crucifix.

“My true master.” Severus said daring to defy Voldemort even though he was so scared.

“I see child, I see.”

Voldemort shoved Severus to the wall and raised his wand causing Severus to go rigid, then he cast a silent Legilimens and as expected he got quite a fight at first. But Severus was weakened by his state of emotions and though he was one of the best at Occlumency he was no where near good enough to block Voldemort completely out of his mind. He gasped in pain and nearly blacked out, in fact he should have been driven insane by how violently Voldemort ripped through his mind. He could not even with all his skill keep him fully out and when Voldemort finally released him and let him fall to the floor Severus heard his cruel laughter ringing in his ears. Voldemort had Grayback come with him and left Severus cold, naked and humiliated on the floor behind him. Severus prayed to God to get him out of here before he was either driven insane or chopped into little pieces...

Yea Poor Severus he really gets into a bad situation doesn’t he? Now him being this scared, remember he never did spy for Voldemort, never did join him so this is his first chance to see him. Of course he would be scared and his greatest fear is of Werewolves, all but Remus Lupin who ironically is a good friend. Voldemort humiliates him, torments him and threatens to take him apart. Severus has every right to be terrified out of his wits.

## Chapter Eleven: Setting the Trap:

### Hogwarts:

Harry sat in the headmaster's office his head reeling at the terrible news Dumbledore had just shared with him. The whole school knew about the attack in Hogsmeade earlier that day and the Slytherins were a sullen lot to deal with the rest of the day. Draco looked very pale and angry and Harry felt for him, he knew Severus was his godfather and would be worried sick. Now Harry finished reading the letter and looked over at Sirius who looked so sick with worry. Harry knew what was being asked of him and only the reassuring hand of Remus on his shoulder kept him from getting sick. The other heads of house were here as well and Harry knew what was going to be asked of him and he knew they cared enough to give him a choice. He looked at the aged headmaster who's blue eyes had lost all their twinkle and was stunned how old and fragile he looked.

"I wish there was another way Harry I do." Dumbledore said really meaning it. "But well you know he will carry out his threat."

"Well I do know what the prophecy says, I know why Voldemort attacked Mr. Weasley." Harry said, "I would rather he have the prophecy than have professor Snape harmed sir."

"Harry do you realize this will be dangerous?" Sirius said and then he actually smiled.

"Never say dangerous to a Gryffindor Mr. Black." Flitwick said, "you know how you lot will purposely run into it, forgive me Minerva but your house is how does the muggle phrase go, ah yes cannon fodder."

"Really Filius that is a bit unfair." McGonagall said.

"So are we thinking of setting a trap?" Remus asked, "I mean we have to get something out of this."

"I was thinking of that." Dumbledore replied, "with Umbridge and the rest of the ministry refusing to believe Voldemort is back now might

be the time to lure him to a trap. I am thinking of seeing if maybe that prophecy does not have to be filled.”

“What do you mean Al?” Aberforth said from the corner where he had been standing, he knew from the other timeline that Dumbledore had tried to kill Voldemort and could not. “Surely you will not take him on?”

“I must, and young Harry here must go and help set the trap.” Dumbledore said.

“Yes sir, um how?” Harry asked.

“Open your mind, just a bit.” Dumbledore said and McGonagall grabbed the desk for support as this was hurting her badly.

“Professor McGonagall it’s alright.” Harry said seeing how upset this was making her, “I will be alright, this could be fun!”

Sirius was not sure about the fun part, well part of him thought it could be fun and another part was sick with dread. This was his godson willingly going into battle and he was so very young, then again was not David just as young or younger when he faced Goliath? And everyone knew how that turned out for the boy. He ended up with a kingdom in time and Goliath ended up dead. Still this was Harry and he had lost so much already and could loose more because of this!

“So tell us the plan.” Sirius said.

“Um I did not have a plan really.” Harry said blushing and grinning.

“I have an idea.” Aberforth said, “and it will involve more students than Harry at this time.”

“Tell us your plan then.” Dumbledore said knowing his brother did have good ideas...

Voldemort’s Dungeon:

Severus had gotten over his panic for the time being and it was fast being replaced with raw rage, he was still naked and now cold and hungry he only wanted out of this evil place. The main fact for his anger was not all this, it was Wormtail who was standing over him now taunting him and hinting exactly what he wanted to do to him if his master only let him. Finally Severus could take no more, he was on his knees, a position Wormtail forced him into and in the middle of the vast chamber. It was a mistake on Wormtail's part as he forgot that Severus was a very powerful wizard and man. Severus snapped and was on his feet so fast and had Wormtail's wand in an instant, he hit Wormtail several times with his fists and kicked him hard. Severus looked murderous but his thoughts now turn only of escape and tried to Apparate out of the chamber. He gasped in shock and staggered back as Anti-Apparition spell threw him across the room. He found the wand summoned from his hands and he saw Voldemort over him and he did his best to show defiance not the fear that was fast replacing rage in his gut.

“You are very entertaining boy, did you really think I would not have this chamber protected from any leaving or coming as they wished?” Voldemort said to Severus, when Severus refused to answer he raised his wand. “Answer me child.”

“Go to hell.” Severus replied moving to stand but someone hit him hard across the back with a staff.

“You dare try to stand before yer betters?” Came a voice Severus knew all too well, that of Amicus Carrow, an evil wizard who delighted in pain and torture.

“I got a letter from Dumbledore.” Voldemort said coldly, “seems he thinks he can lecture me on how to treat you.”

“He is far better than you!” Severus snarled getting kicked and hit for that, he spat out blood and glared up at Voldemort. “I rest my case.”

“Master we could show the headmaster we are in earnest.” Wormtail said giving Severus a look that froze the man's blood. “Send him something of his pet.”

“Yes, I like it.” Voldemort said, “Come Wormtail let us talk, Fenrir, Amicus, McNair stay with our guest.”

If Severus had realized (as he really felt he should have) that Grayback was in the room he would not have been so brave in his words. Terror fast replaced any sense of bravery he had felt as the werewolf circled him and growled softly at him. Severus was all too aware the hatred the werewolf had for him, he had after all come up with a vaccine that thwarted Grayback’s plans on dominating the world with werewolves. Grayback grabbed Severus by the hair and drug him up easily and taunted him by threatening to bite him, Severus struggled and tried to fight back and was hit for that. He was dropped to the floor and the death eaters jeered at him and he curled up as he was hit kicked and beaten by the death eaters. They only stopped when Voldemort came back with Wormtail and looked down at Severus with amusement.

“Hold him down.” He ordered and Severus found himself flat on his stomach death eaters holding him down with their hands not magic, one to each limb. “I cannot say this is not personal.”

“Leave me alone you bastards!” Severus screamed in rage fighting down his fear, remembering a time long ago how Wormtail had egged on three other boys, no he could not go back there, not that as he would be sick if he did. “You dare do this to me? I am the head of Slytherin!”

“Wormtail choose a leg.” Voldemort said coldly. “He can keep his hands for now.”

“No,” Severus said bile rising in his throat, he did not want to beg but he could not help himself, not this time. “Please don’t, don’t take my legs!”

“Maybe you should not have tried to escape then.” Wormtail sneered taking out a wicked looking knife. “This will keep you from doing that again.”

“You, you cannot allow this, Voldemort you cannot let him do this!” Severus screamed and Voldemort turned on him.

“You dare use my name boy?” He hissed, “do it Wormtail.”

Severus tried to struggle but the death eaters held him fast and Wormtail quickly went to work. He grabbed Severus’s left foot and went for the smallest toe. Severus screamed in shock and pain and nearly blacked out from the pain. Wormtail stood up with the digit and Voldemort spelled the wound so it would stop bleeding. He took the toe and put it in a box and called for an owl and sent the grizzly package and a letter off with it. Then he looked down at the trembling crying battered man on the floor and opened his mind and contacted the boy he wanted to see this the most. Wormtail in an act of pure maliciousness and evil (really when is anything he does not evil) stomped on Severus’s right hand breaking his fingers.

“That is for insulting my master and attacking me!” Wormtail hissed at Severus.

“I will kill you!” Severus snarled blocking out the pain he was in as much as he could.

“MacNair, show him our displeasure.” Voldemort said handing over a whip.

“Yes master.”

He stood over Severus and began to use the whip on his back, Severus did his level best not to cry out at this but his body was so frayed and weak from abuse he could not help it. He could not even find breath to speak and cried out in pain as the whip cut him again and again and again leaving deep bloody welts and cuts all along his back. Finally Voldemort raised his hand to stop the torture and ordered his death eaters out of the room. He walked up to Severus who was in too much shock to even fight back now. Severus just lay there in too much pain to move at this point. He could not believe that Voldemort really was this evil to treat him this way, he had not done anything for him to treat him like this. Unless he knew how close he was to Harry Potter, dread filled him as realization came to him and he looked up at Voldemort who was regarding him with cold red eyes.

“So you finally figure it out did you pet?” Voldemort said softly.

“You, you cannot, he is just a boy!” Severus pleaded, “he never did anything to you!”

“He lives that is a problem for me pet, you will be the bait that brings him to me.” Voldemort said crouching down by Severus. “Now you understand why I have treated you the way I have, cannot have you doing anything... rash can we?”

Severus bit back the bile rising in his throat and tried to fight back the tears that began to spill down his face.

“You are weak, foolish, you love that boy and it will be his and your undoing.” Voldemort hissed.

“You murdered two of the best people I have ever known, turned a boy to an orphan and now you want to kill him, kill me instead, let the boy live.” Severus pleaded looking into those cold eyes that had no mercy or pity for anyone. “Please take my life instead.”

“No but I will allow you to watch him die.” Voldemort said getting up looking down with contempt and the sobbing man on the floor, “you are pitiful this is what my house is reduced to?”

Yet it was not Severus Snape who was pitiful it was Voldemort for treating him in this manner. There had been a time that Severus would have given into hatred and darkness and joined Voldemort. No more would he do that and his willingness to die for Harry Potter showed just how far he had come. To beg the dark lord Voldemort to spare the boy and take his life showed nobleness and courage beyond what many in Gryffindor would ever have. Voldemort left the battered bloody potions master and went to set his trap in motion...

Hogwarts:

Dumbledore was not sure how the Slytherins would take seeing the headmaster here. After all according to his brother (who it seemed was more right about things than not) he had not been very fair to that house. Well not after Tom had betrayed them all but who wanted

to dwell on that? Next to the aged Headmaster walked Alastor Moody, Umbridge had tried to pitch a fit at him being here but he one look from him and she had gone to hide in her office. Dumbledore ordered the plain wooden door to open as it was his right as Headmaster to enter any house of the school and he walked in, he was clad in robes of green hoping to show some solidarity with the students. He was not surprised to see the older students looking defiant and he felt badly for the younger ones most who were crying.

“Why is he here?” Draco Malfoy asked glaring at Moody.

“I am here Mr. Malfoy as I was in Slytherin and well you cannot be left alone, the headmaster would not like that.”

“Think we would burn down the school that it?” Draco said.

“Um you should not say that.” Pansy said softly by his arm.

“No he has every right to say that.” Dumbledore said, “I am sorry we have not always been on good standing, but I hope to change that. Professor Snape is a dear friend and college and I have neglected this house for far too long. I wish to make amends to that if you will let me.”

“What are you doing to get professor Snape back sir?” Montague a burly seventh year asked.

“Voldemort had demands he wanted met.” Dumbledore said heavily.

“What kind of demands?” Theodore Nott asked.

“He wanted information in return for professor Snape.” Moody replied.

“Alastor!” Dumbledore warned the aged former Auror.

“They have a right to know Albus.” Moody countered. “An’ to yer answer yer question we are going to give him what he wants t’ get professor Snape back.”

"I see, you do care about him at least." Draco said glaring at the headmaster. "But that is only because he is so brilliant at his job."

"Mr. Malfoy!" Moody growled at the boy.

"No Alastor he is right to think ill of me, I have not been as good to this house as I could." Dumbledore said, "however that will change I promise you, professor Moody will be here tonight if you need anything."

Draco did want to believe him but had a hard time trusting him, then again the old headmaster looked so worried and well old! He watched the headmaster leave the Slytherin common room and he turned to Moody. Boy and man regarded each other warily neither trusting the other at all. Tension filled the air when something happened that no-one expected. A tiny first year girl, normally tough as nails outside this common room ran up and buried her head in the robes of Moody sobbing. He looked down at her stunned and was not sure what to do. He remembered his own children so long ago and he gently steered the child to a chair, sat down and let her put her head against his shoulder. He rubbed her back wondering just what about him made this girl think he was a bloody teddy bear?

"You lot got studying to do?" He growled at the students watching him.

"Um yes sir." Nott said and the students scurried off to study.

"Professor Snape does that a lot." Draco said wanting to talk to someone even if it was this old gruff Auror.

"What boy?"

"Um comforts the first years, the rest of the school hates us you know." Draco said.

"I know, ain't right, look th' headmaster will do all he can t' get professor Snape back, hell I would too but as Slughorn has gone into hiding well someone had to stay behind and make sure you lot did not burn down th' school as you put it."

"Sorry sir it was ah just well I don't really trust the headmaster." Draco said.

"Well he is trying, give him time and as fer you."

"I am not going to take the mark." Draco said quietly, "I don't want to, I don't want that kind of life. You have a right to suspect me."

"Aye that I do." Moody said looking down at the young girl who had deposited herself on his lap and was now asleep against his shoulder. "Do I look like a ruddy teddy bear?"

"Well no sir she would rather have professor Snape but you will do I guess sir." Draco said looking alarmed as Moody's mismatched eyes glared at him. "Um sorry sir."

Moody just grunted and Draco scurried off to get some studying done alone with the rest of the house. Though classes were over Severus required his house to keep studying, it was for two reasons, one was he wanted to keep them learning and second was to keep the other houses from tormenting his students. It had gotten much better since Harry had started as he had been at the very least polite to Slytherins and many followed his lead as he was a celebrity and people like to follow the famous. Moody looked down at the sleeping girl and remembered his children when they were young all those years ago. Then he thought of Severus Snape and felt badly how he had treated the boy for so many years. He vowed to start over once, not if but once Severus was brought back to them alive.

Yea Voldemort is pure evil and doing what he did to Severus just proves it. However he does not know that a trap is laid to at the very least expose him and he will pay for his arrogance that much is clear. Since this was Wormtail's idea in what was done to Severus there is a special place in hell for him.

## Chapter Twelve: The Ministry Battle:

Harry looked at the students gathered hoping they understood just how dangerous this was going to be. Fred and George were taking this as an adventure as was Neville. Ron looked a bit shocked and Hermione was already putting together a battle plan with the limited knowledge they had of the department of mysteries. Harry was livid at what he had seen done to Severus, to see his mentor beaten like that horrified and angered him greatly to say the least. Luna Lovegood, Ginny Weasley (after telling brothers she was going and they would have to tie her up and she knew she was more powerful than them so that would not work) the Patel twins, Dean Thomas and interestingly Draco Malfoy and his two bodyguards Crabbe and Goyle. Remus looked over the gathered students grimly, he hated using them but it had to be done this way or Voldemort would not realize it was a trap he was walking into.

“I still don’t think you should go.” Harry said to Draco.

“I don’t care he is, he is my godfather!” Draco snapped not caring who learned this right about now.

“Wow no wonder he favors you.” Ron said.

“Believe me he doesn’t.” Draco said, “if he did would I not have the best grades in school?”

“He is right, this once.” Hermione said.

“I didn’t ask you Granger.”

“Pity you should have, girls are naturally smarter than boys.” Ginny shot at him.

“She is right you know.” Neville said. “Girls are smarter than boys.”

“Right, look I want you to be careful.” Remus said sternly, “don’t do more than you have to, once we come in you are to leave is that clear?”

“We are of age, we will stay.” Fred said defiantly.

“Yea, you cannot stop us sir.” George replied.

“Fine you can stay here then,” Remus said and at their looks of defiance, “I will contact your mother.”

“Did we say stay dear brother?” Fred said,

“We meant we will leave of course!” George replied, “so how do we get there?”

“I believe Sirius is setting a distraction for Umbridge as we speak.” Remus said calmly, “I have to leave, but remember you are just there to set the trap, did you get the masks?”

“Yes sir, right here.” Fred said holding up a hideous clown mask.

“Good, I don’t want them being able to put a mark out on you.” Remus said, then added “those are very ugly.”

“Thank you sir,” Ginny said grinning, “I chose them.”

“I cannot believe I am allowing this.” Remus said, “it’s too dangerous.”

“Well I doubt the man who is leading this wants to kill a bunch of kids.” Draco said, “we will be very careful.”

Down stairs a few levels Umbridge was patrolling the corridors, she heard a soft whimpering and took out her wand and saw an orange cat at her feet. He pawed at her robe, stepped a few paces forward then came back and pawed at her robe. She followed him to where the whimpering got louder and saw Padfoot stuck in one of the trick steps. He looked up at her with pleading gray eyes and whimpered and whined clearly very distressed. She got him out with a flick of her wand and he limped up, he had hurt his paw getting stuck and she looked at it then him.

“You are an annoyance.” Umbridge said.

Padfoot whined and licked her hand.

“Don’t you try that with me young man, I suppose I have to take you to hospital wing.”

She led the dog to the hospital wing and was going to leave him with Poppy when he looked up at her with his soulful eyes. Padfoot/Sirius was a natural born charmer and though Umbridge was a cat person she did like most animals. Too bad she did not like humans or other intelligent magical creatures the same, she sat down by the dog laying on the bed while Poppy (grumbling that dogs should not be in the school as they were not smart enough to negotiate the stairs) tended to him. She knew who Padfoot was and was not about to tell Umbridge that as she fussed over the dog. The fact Umbridge was staying was good enough as the plan was in motion, if Poppy knew exactly what that plan entailed she would have blasted the headmaster to Bermuda .

Meantime Harry and friends had headed out of the school through one of the tunnels and across the school grounds to Hogsmeade and Aberforth’s pub. There they took a portkey to just outside the ministry, they could not take it right in as that could tip off Voldemort. So they all crowded into the phone booth and Harry dialed the number provided him and told the cool voice why they where here. Badges appeared and he handed them out as the phone booth moved down into the ground. After a time he could see a golden light then the long entry hall of the ministry, with a full hall of fireplaces on one side. He headed to the lifts and took them down to the ninth level with his friends. They walked down a flight of stairs and Harry saw the door that had plagued his dreams.

“If anyone wants to back out now is the time.” Harry said quietly.

“What and miss the fun?” Draco said behind his mask.

“Right, let’s do this.” Ginny said. “Let’s kick some death eater ass.”

The teens entered the department of mysteries, going past the revolving room after a few tries and getting into the hall of prophecy. Harry counted down knowing full well there would be death eaters all

over him once he grabbed the prophecy off the shelf. He found 96 and walked down to see Severus prone on the floor clad in a tattered black robe. On cue Neville "discovered" the prophecy and Harry walked to it seemingly in a trance. He looked at it, such a small thing to have caused so much grief, he picked it up and turned back to his fellow masked teens.

"Very good, now hand it over." Lucius Malfoy said from in front of Harry.

"Damn I knew this was too easy." Harry said taking off his mask as really everyone knew the boy in the mask with the prophecy was Harry Potter.

"Give it to me or watch your friends die." Lucius snarled.

"Why? I mean really does your master really want to know what this says?" Harry asked.

"You know what it says do you?" Lucius replied.

"Yea, I only came to collect the head of Slytherin and family friend." Harry replied.

"That worthless filth." Came the voice of Bellatrix Lestrange, "it did not take long to break him down, he was screaming for mercy the first few minutes."

"Only because you tortured him!" Neville snarled.

"Longbottom is it now....

"Silencio!" Neville screamed and Bellatrix staggered back unable to speak.

She got the spell off and with a scream of rage she attacked, Harry was ready and set her flying and the battle was on. Neville was knocked into a wall and he staggered up only to find a death eater's wand pointed between his eyes. Neville told the death eater to do something he would never say in front of his gran and saw a battered angry Severus Snape step up behind the death eater and snap his

neck with his arms killing him instantly. He fell to his knees and Neville thought he was going to pass out when he saw him grab the death eater's wand with his left hand.

"Get his robes." Severus said hoarsely, "can't wear these, they used a mild acid on them."

"Bastards." Neville said tugging the robes off the dead death eater trying not to think about what he was doing. "How could they sir?"

"They are evil" Severus said using the wand to cut the robes open and toss them aside.

"Let me help," Neville said sending cold water out of his wand to douse his professor to wash away the acid and Severus gasped on reflex at the cold water. "Sorry sir about it being cold."

"Not your fault, thank you." Severus said putting on the heavy death eater robes.

"Here let me fix them." Neville said changing the color to green, at the raised eyebrow of Severus, "well I am sure you did not want really look like the other death eaters sir."

"No I did not, thank you again." Severus said, "now let's go rescue Harry shall we?"

"Yes sir."

They left the hall and found the battle going on in the room of death, Severus stared transfixed at the veil for a moment, then as a spell headed his way he shot out a powerful spell that hit Bellatrix in the chest and dropped her at once. He could only use his left hand but he was no less powerful for it, he saw most of the order here and charming, the children were wearing masks! At least it would offer a bit of protect as Voldemort could not order a mark put out on them. He saw a figure Apparate away and Harry stagger back blood dripping from his nose. With a snarl of rage he jumped down as best his mangled foot would let him and attacked those death eaters nearest him. He saw Remus take a spell to the chest and saw

Bellatrix up and laughing at Harry. She was bleeding but alive and she turned and ran, Harry after her. Severus forgot the battle and went after the boy and Bellatrix, limping, leaving a trail of blood from his wounded foot.

He caught a lift and cursed as it seemed to take forever to get to the atrium, he limped out and saw Harry cast an unforgivable at Bellatrix, she screamed as he got her and he was chillingly good at what he did. Severus came up and put an arm on Harry's and Harry stopped at once even though he thought Bellatrix had just killed Remus. Severus started to lead Harry away when he felt the presence of Voldemort. He saw the evil wizard striding through the atrium eyes on Harry, Severus stood before him shielding Harry from him. There was no way in hell that he would allow Voldemort to harm Harry. He snarled in defiance and rage refusing to back down or show his fear, Harry was his and he was not going to let Voldemort have him without a fight.

"How charming." Voldemort said, "I told you that I would make you watch the brat die."

"You will have to kill me first." Severus snarled the borrowed wand out.

"After he dies." Voldemort said and with a flick of his wand Severus was hanging by his wrists, hands behind his back dislocating his shoulders at once. "You will watch as I kill the brat."

"You bastard!" Severus screamed unable to move as Voldemort raised his wand to strike Harry, yet Harry was gone the spell hitting the wall at the same time Severus fell to the floor.

"What?" Voldemort said turning to see the headmaster walking up in a towering rage. "Oh it's you."

"Yes it is me, you will not attack anything of mine ever again." Dumbledore said calmly though his eyes were flashing with rage. "No student or professor do you understand me Tom?"

"Foolish old man to come here!" Voldemort snarled.

Harry had made it back to where Severus was and he held his professor who was starting to pass out from the pain. Harry knew he could not fix this but he could ease the pain a bit, he put his hands on Severus's shoulders and the pain lessened enough for Severus to smile weakly at him to let him know he was still with him. Meanwhile the battle went on and two great wizards were dueling at a level far beyond any that Harry had ever seen. Then Voldemort was gone and Dumbledore looked scared and at that instant Harry felt a horrible pain in his head. With great effort he tossed what ever had tried to get into his mind out and found himself flat on his back looking up at the blue eyes of a very worried headmaster.

"Harry are you alright?" He asked.

"Fine considering Voldemort likes to share my head, I told him well sir..." Harry blushed, "I told him to get out of my mind only not so politely. Professor Snape is in a bad way sir."

"I will tend to him." Dumbledore said, "I had to make sure he was not still in you."

"I know sir." Harry said.

Dumbledore walked over to Severus and with ease he fixed his shoulders so the pain was gone then he helped the younger man up. The floo network was lighting up at this time and witches and wizards were coming out demanding to know what was going on. Crouch came forward white as a ghost but Dumbledore ignored him for the moment and took something from his robes and charmed it as a portkey, handed Severus off to Harry and gave the portkey to Harry. With a lurch they were gone and flying back to Hogwarts Harry knew. They landed in the hospital wing and Poppy came out with a cry of shock and surprise. Harry followed her to a private room that was used for the staff and Poppy drew a bath in the bathroom first and put in several potions as she knew Severus was hurt badly and would need the bath. As he was bathing Remus was brought in with a horrible gash to his face and burns all over him under his robes.

"Remus Lupin what have you done to yourself?!" Poppy snapped.

“I got into a bit of a fight.” Remus said, “is Severus alright?”

“I don’t fully know, you sit on that bed now and don’t you dare move!” Poppy said to Remus who obeyed without comment. “Severus on the bed now.”

“I can wait outside.” Harry said as Severus came out of the bathroom towel wrapped around his waist, “stand guard, I have a feeling you are going to get a visitor sir.”

“Damn minister.” Severus said lying down on his stomach.

Harry looked at his back and skin with concern, he had seen the beating thanks to Voldemort. The cuts were horrible and many were very deep. Severus’s skin was red and blistering in many places and Harry had to force himself out of the room while Poppy took care of Severus. He took his place right outside the door to the room and waited. He was not too terribly surprised when Draco took a spot right opposite him, after all this was his godfather and nothing less would be expected of him. They did not have long to wait as the minister of magic came into the hospital wing and walked up to the two teens and glared at them. He sensed trouble and he was right, these boys would not budge.

“I just want to talk to him boys.” Crouch said.

“See I don’t think that is what you want to do at all.” Draco said calmly.

“There are rumors of what your father is boy.” Crouch said.

“There are rumors as to what your first son was too minister.” Draco said and Crouch paled and glared at him. “Would be a shame if I had to tell the world if you bother professor Snape.”

“Do not threaten me boy.” Crouch snapped at Draco.

“There is more than enough proof.” Harry said, “besides you hurt me and you will be out of office faster than you can blink.”

“How dare you threaten me boy!” Crouch snarled.

“How dare you come here to harass a man on his death bed!” Harry shot back.

“He was walking, surely...”

“Not walking now is he?” Harry shot back, “leave him alone.”

“Boy...”

“You cannot hurt me, I am the chosen one after all.” Harry said hating to play up on his fame but he had not been given a choice. “Would not want to harm the golden boy would you?”

“Every word said will be in the papers tomorrow if you don’t leave now sir.” Draco said. “We have ways to make sure you don’t harm those we care about.”

“So this is what it comes to when Gryffindor and Slytherin work together.” Crouch said pointing his wand at one boy than the other. “Mark my words payback is coming.”

“Yea it is.” Harry agreed.

Crouch stormed out and both boys sighed in relief, but not for long as the door to the private ward opened and Poppy motioned them in. Severus was propped up with pillows drawing in a long flesh colored string, he was clad in one of his own warm gray nightshirts and he was covered in bandages from neck to toes under it and tucked under several blankets. The boys gulped as he reached for a glass on the table and took a sip of wine (which looked like blood) and folded his arms staring at the boys.

“Explain.” He said.

“Crouch is a bully.” Harry said, “he has to be stopped.”

“He will come after you.” Severus said.

"No he will not, by tomorrow he will be looking for a new job." Draco said looking at Harry, "right Potter?"

"Yea he will, I think article needs to be written now to get to paper in the morning." Harry said.

"Skeeter make sure to use the worst photo you can for the minister and touch up one of mine so I look presentable." At the boy's shocked looks, "she is in the order and an Animagus, now for you two!"

"Yes sir?" They said together.

"Thank you, but don't you dare do that again!" Severus said sternly. "you "dare run off like that again and I will make you wish you had not!"

"Yes sir." Both boys said.

"Now I need to rest." Severus said. "Go and do try to stay out of trouble."

He lay back on the bed and was fast asleep in minutes. The boys left the hospital wing and headed back to their common rooms. They knew this was not over, the war had really begun in earnest and they knew that many they loved could die. Harry hoped it did not come to that as did so many others. Aberforth hoped that this time things were working out better, so far very few had died but he knew that could change so very, very quickly and that was what he dreaded the most...

Yea Severus is alive and mostly in one piece. He is gonna want revenge that is for sure but for now he will rest and heal as much as he can after all the horror he has gone through.

## Chapter Thirteen: The Aftermath of the Battle:

Voldemort was not in a good mood, he had been exposed and several of his top death eaters had been captured and were headed to Azkaban and death. Lucius and Rudolphus had not yet come at his summons and he was getting more and more angry as he waited, Bellatrix stood trembling in pain from her wounds but she would not beg her master to allow her to tend them. No she bore the pain with honor as she was here while her husband was probably rotting in Azkaban at that time. She was thinking on this when the doors to the hall opened and Lucius entered supporting a wounded Rudolphus, he had a bandage over one eye that was bloodied and his blood stained Lucius' pale locks of hair. Rudolphus staggered and fell to his knees as did Lucius, Rudolphus did not rise when ordered by Voldemort.

"Master I have the prophecy." Lucius said handing up a box that he had put the orb in.

"Finally, you have done well my servant." Voldemort said summoning the box he looked for a brief moment over at Rudolphus. "Ah and you were wounded my pet."

"It' is only a flesh wound." Rudolphus said bowing low.

"Lucius, take him and have him tended to, I wish to view this alone." Voldemort said looking up at his death eaters. "Go now!"

They bowed and Lucius helped Rudolphus up and out of the room, Bellatrix followed him out, Lucius knew that Aurors would head to his home soon and he hated to leave Rudolphus here so gravely wounded. He had no choice if he was to keep his cover and not end up in Azkaban himself. He ordered Wormtail to tend to Rudolphus or he would make his last days very painful. He left the crumbling Riddle manor and Apparated home and quickly bathed and dressed in soft robes, hid his death eater robes and took out his wand, the registered wand he used everyday and went downstairs to wait with his wife for the Aurors. They were in the middle of a chess game when there was a knock on the door and one of the elves answered and several Aurors burst in and walked to the drawing room.

“What do I owe this visit?” Lucius said standing wincing slightly.

“Where were you this evening Malfoy?” Kingsley demanded of him.

“Here, not much other place I could be, my hip well it has been giving me trouble as of late.” Lucius replied.

“It flares up once or twice a year.” Narcissa said calmly rising, “I have been tending to it this evening.”

“Not one of your elves?” Dawlish asked.

“No, I will not let an elf take care of my health.” Lucius said coolly, “why are you here?”

“There was an attack at the ministry.” Kingsley said noting the look of shock on Lucius’ face. “In the Department of Mysteries.”

“That, that is impossible.” Lucius said.

He sat down looking shaken and pale and it was clear he was a very good actor. He knew that several of his men had been captured but a lesson had been learned from the last war, they had been spelled silent before this battle so he was safe for now. Still he knew he walked a thin line and if these Aurors did not believe him he could face another stint in prison being beaten and interrogated and that was something he did not want to repeat. Narcissa looked worried and she was not acting, but she made it look as if the worry was for what she had just learned.

“Let me see your wand Malfoy.” Kingsley said.

“Why do you need to see my husband’s wand?” Narcissa snapped, “why must you bother him for something he has nothing to do with?”

“I don’t mind Narcissa.” Lucius said handing over his wand. “I wish to help anyway I can.”

"We will see one we find what we want here." Kingsley snapped taking the wand he checked it carefully with Prior Incanto then handed it back. "Well it seems as if you were not there."

"No I was not." Lucius said taking back his wand, "if there is anyway I can help let me know please."

"I will you have my word on that." Kingsley said. "I will be watching you Malfoy."

"Of course, would you care for something to drink before you go?" Lucius asked politely.

"No thank you we have to go." Kingsley replied.

Once the Aurors were gone Lucius sat back looking worried, only Narcissa knew that Lucius did not want Voldemort back. He could trust her as she was not only his wife and love but as good if not better Occulmens than he was. She knew he had been at the department of mysteries but not by choice, if he had refused Voldemort would have killed his family and him before his eyes and many more people would be dead. Lucius had saved quite a few pureblood families who were opposing Voldemort and he really wanted him gone. He had been put out to say the least when he had come back, the last few years had been peaceful and he had enjoyed not having a dark lord ordering him about. Now he was back Lucius had no choice but to follow him. His getting the prophecy to Voldemort raised his standing in the dark lord's eyes though that could change at any moment and Lucius knew that all too well...

Hogwarts:

Aberforth headed to the hospital wing to see Severus Snape, he was worried about the mental state of the boy as he knew this torture would bring back memories of what had been done to him in the ministry. Aberforth had spent a long time working hard to help Severus heal and what with that and his helping in his own way to raise Harry he hoped that would keep Severus on the right side. He hoped that what had happened had not undone the years of work on the poor boy. He walked through the main part of the hospital wing

and saw Hermione quietly arguing with Ron who was laying in bed with heavily bandaged arms and to the private staff ward. He smiled at the sight before him and who could blame him?

Severus was dosing under warm blankets clad in one of his soft warm charcoal gray night shirts and next to him curled up in a soft bundle of warm silver fur was McGonagall in her Animagus form of Tabby. Aberforth saw the bruises on Severus's face and he saw that one foot was heavily bandaged and propped up outside the covers. His right hand was splinted and bandaged until his fingers healed but he was alive and sleeping. Or he was until Aberforth took a seat next to him and petted Tabby who murmured softly in sleep, yawned and stretched extending her claws as she did so. She stretched out and purred as Severus scratched her ears.

"I see she stayed the night." Aberforth said.

"Yes, she makes a great cat, though if I don't behave she scratches and bites." Severus said and Tabby began to wash her face. "I think she likes being a cat."

"How are you doing?" Aberforth asked Severus.

"Well I am alive and mostly intact," Severus said, "Poppy said she cannot reattach my toe, but Flitwick did say he might have something to help out with that."

"They were evil to harm you like that." Aberforth said angrily.

"Well the headmaster blamed himself, he sent a letter and Voldemort sent back my toe." Severus said bitterly, "that was Wormtail's idea."

"Figured it would be," Aberforth said then he saw the small jar on the table and a toe in it, Severus's toe. "What will you do with that?"

"I was thinking of putting it in my classroom, that or levitating it over the headmaster at the leaving feast." Severus said.

"You are a horrible man!" McGonagall said turning human and sitting in a chair by Severus. "That would traumatize the students!"

“That was the point.” Severus said and he scratched his side, “how much bloody longer do I have to wear these things?”

“Well you suffered extensive burns and a suit of long underwear infused with burn potions will help you heal faster.” McGonagall replied.

“It itches!” Severus snapped.

“Oh good it is doing its job, once it stops you should be fine.” Poppy said coming over handing him a potion.

“This tastes terrible!” Severus snapped as he drank it down.

“You made it.” Poppy said taking the goblet, “don’t blame me.” Then as Severus made a face at her as she walked away, “and don’t you make faces at me young man!”

Aberforth arranged the pillows behind Severus’s head and he lay back, he was still tired, the effects of the loss of a toe, the beating and the hexes and acid burns had taken their toll and he needed a lot of rest. That and he was drained at the news the headmaster had given him, Voldemort had the prophecy and would know what it contained. Harry though had been more excited about it, he saw it as a warning to Voldemort, if Voldemort choose to follow that warning then he had a chance to live, if not then he would die.

“Voldemort has the prophecy.” Severus said, “he won the battle.”

“No he did not, we got ten of the death eaters and we got you back.” McGonagall said.

“That would mean we won, we need you and you are worth far more than that prophecy.” Aberforth said, “in fact if no-one would have gone to get you I would have, I would go to hell and back to bring you to safety.”

“I still do not understand why.” Severus said softly.

“Well maybe because you are worth it.” McGonagall said, “even if you are annoying, evil tempered and incorrigible. You had a lot of people who wanted to save you, Harry came up with the plan and the order would not let him go unless they were all there to protect them.”

“Who had the idea for such horrible masks?”

“That was Miss Weasley.” McGonagall said, “her brothers were torn between being proud and a bit miffed.”

“Well she is talented and with six older brothers she deserves her own recognition.” Severus said.

“I agree with that.” Aberforth said, “she got Rudolphus too, I did not know she knew such a curse, I think she er blasted his eye out.”

“That does not surprise me at all.” Severus said, “probably learned it from Sirius’s library.”

“No doubt she did, there is Black blood in the veins of the Weasleys and she is one who seems to have a lot of traits of that house.” Aberforth said then added quickly, “the good traits of course.”

“Unless she gets mad then I would duck even.” Severus said.

“I don’t blame you, now you should eat what would you like?” Aberforth asked.

“I would like some salmon.” Severus said, “some hard boiled eggs, baked potato, chocolate cake and a pretty girl...”

“Severus Tobias Snape!” McGonagall snapped at him.

“I was going to say a pretty girl to read to me.” Severus said innocently. “Oh and one more thing, Voldemort’s head on a platter.”

Aberforth grinned as McGonagall glared at Severus, Severus would be fine but he was going to want revenge for what had happened to him. Right now he would rest and get back his strength for the war ahead. He had to talk to his house and soon, they had to know that

Voldemort was evil and had to be stopped. If he was willing to attack the head of his own house what else was he willing to do?

Yea Voldemort made a big mistake, coming back! Even his top death eater does not want him around, Lucius liked being top dog and now he is not he is not a happy wizard. Severus will want his revenge for what was done to him make no mistake about that. Oh and yea Ginny can be a bit of a violent girl, that and I wanted her to be a match for Harry. She had to be powerful in her own right and really she was in the books though we did not see as much of her as we should have.

## Chapter Fourteen: Revelations:

Aberforth was not happy, he had done all he could to keep those alive and safe around him and it felt as if he had failed. First there was Peter Pettigrew, he had tried so hard with him, so very hard and he still betrayed his friends and got James and Lilly killed. Then Voldemort had come back and the ministry had tried so hard to discredit Harry. The last was what had been done to Severus, that hurt the worst, seeing the damage done to the young man, the torture and pain he had gone through at the hands of Voldemort hurt the worst. Yes ten death eaters had been caught and yes they were waiting for their trials and when found guilty they would die but still he felt a failure.

“Why so sad Abe?” Came the voice of Adrianna from her portrait.

“I feel like I failed.” Aberforth said looking up at her, this was more than a portrait, more than paint on canvas in fact, the portrait was his sister, at least her soul and she would be there until the day he died as promised by the angel. “Harry’s parents still died, Severus was still hurt and he could still turn and I am afraid for him.”

“He will not, not this time, he knows you love and care for him.” Adrianna said smiling sweetly at him. “He is strong and has friends to help him through this.”

“I know but why did he have to suffer, why did Harry’s parents have to die? I thought I was given a second chance to stop that!”

“You have done much to change the way things would have gone.” Adrianna said. “Harry need not die and Al needs to know that.”

“I know.” Aberforth said getting up from where he sat, “I will go talk to him now in fact.”

“Make sure to include professor Snape and Harry’s guardians in this.” Adrianna said.

“Why not Harry too?”

"It is up to his guardians what he learns at this time." Adrianna said smiling sweetly. "Take the tunnel, it is raining out."

An hour later Aberforth sat in his brother's office calmly sipping tea waiting for Sirius and Remus to get here. Severus was already here, his injured foot propped up on a stool with a soft green pillow under it. Flitwick had very kindly attached a prosthetic toe to his foot and Severus had to stay off the foot until it fully attached which would take a week. He was very pale, his right hand was still bandaged and he had the hint of bruising about his face but he looked calmer than the last time Aberforth had seen him. Right on time Sirius and Remus entered the office and took seats by Severus who innocently offered Remus some sweets. Remus did not see the look of shock from Sirius as he took one and popped it in his mouth and his hair turned a bright shade of green.

"What did you do?" Remus said as Sirius was trying not to laugh.

"All these years Moony and you still fall for that!" Sirius said letting out a barking laugh.

"Green goes well on you." Severus smirked.

"I will get you back Vampire beware." Remus said transfiguring a piece of paper to a mirror. "Well at least that shade does look good, Dora should like it."

"Alright enough of this, the matter at hand is serious...Mr. Black don't you dare comment!" Aberforth warned Sirius and he had his wand out.

"I was just going to agree with you sir we need to um get down to the matter at hand?" Sirius said innocently.

He knew Aberforth was willing to show his temper more than his brother and he had felt his anger on more than one occasion as one of his pranks had not settled well with the more serious of the Dumbledore brothers. In fact a few times he had fled for his life to the continent until Aberforth had cooled off enough for him to come back and not get blasted off the planet. He had learned which buttons not to push and avoided them and he really did like Aberforth, he was

more a father to him than his own father ever had been. In fact he took care of all three of these men as best he could.

“Al, my dear brother wished to know a few things regarding how I was able to accomplish a few things.” Aberforth began, “namely how I managed to figure out Voldemort had created seven Horcruxes.”

“You said seven?” Sirius said going very pale, “that cannot be possible, it just can’t!”

“I agree, it is nearly impossible to create one, only five ever managed it and if what you say is true then this is indeed a grave problem.” Severus said.

“You know even though I teach defense against the dark arts could you enlighten me as to why it is so hard to create one of these?” Remus asked. “I thought if you knew the spells it would be very easy, not that I plan on making one.”

“Well the soul is bound to the body on earth, when it is time for the soul to leave the body that process is natural and the soul normally goes to judgment and to heaven or hell. Sometimes the soul refuses to leave and stays on as a ghost.” Aberforth said.

“Yea however when a Horcrux is created the soul is split and a soul is never ever to be split.” Sirius said, “many who tried it ended up dead at the best and the worst insane.”

“Which means Voldemort is too powerful with creating seven.” Severus said.

“No, he realized you can once you split your soul do so many times though it’s not wise as you become a bit more unstable and the effects are visible in your physical form.” Aberforth said. “However there are effects, he can no longer perform Legilimancy as he once was able to and he is physically weak though his magical power does make up for that.”

“I don’t want to know exactly how he came back do I?” Remus asked.

"No, it is evil how he did that, do not bring up that again!" Severus snapped at Remus.

"Right, sorry Severus." Remus replied.

"I am sorry Remus, it is just so evil and wicked I cannot..." Severus trailed off and paled.

Albus sat behind his desk trying to not look so shocked and repulsed at this news. He had guessed Voldemort had done more than two but seven? That was too much evil, in his mind he could still see the small boy coming to Hogwarts, how he had tried to be kind to the boy, to show him that people did care about him. He thought he had won as Tom seemed to take to him and did try so very hard to be charming and good in school. Yet Tom Riddle was anything but a normal child, he was pure evil and had opened the chamber and blamed it on Hagrid and that fact had not been learned until fifty years after the fact! Dumbledore had learned the awful truth years later and just recently he had tried to kill Voldemort but he could not and it was not due to lack of power.

"So seven, you know what they are then?" Dumbledore asked Aberforth.

"I do, there was the diary, a ring and locket, a cup of some sort, it's in the Lestrange vault and there was the one that was sitting as a parasite in Harry." Aberforth said calmly.

"Was what ever do you mean?" Dumbledore said looking up surprised.

"Miss Fleur Delacour is part Veela and with Bill Weasley helping they were able to remove the parasite from Harry." Aberforth replied.

"Well that is wonderful news that the boy is not saddled with that but terrible that something like that could happen." Dumbledore said. "Which brings me to this question Abe, how do you know so much of all this?"

“What I am to tell you must not utter outside these walls, Harry may know but no others for now.” Aberforth said. “No one is that clear?”

“Alright, let’s hear what you have to say.” Dumbledore said.

Aberforth began and told them of that other time line or vivid dream of a horrible future gone terribly wrong. He spoke of Severus becoming a death eater and becoming spy for Dumbledore, of all the years of crushing guilt that had caused him to push Harry from him when he came to school. He spoke of the years of imprisonment of Sirius and the madness of Remus that left him broken and unable to function for so many years. He spoke of how Sirius had died in the room of death at the ministry and how Remus had married Tonks but died shortly after in the last battle at Hogwarts. He spoke of the ministry take over and of the deaths of hundreds of innocent families and people. How Cedric had died in graveyard and how Umbridge had taken over the school under Fudge. Finally he finished and looked over at Severus who was looking at him in awe, in fact Aberforth had a feeling if he could he would get up and hug him.

“So an angel came to you and gave us all a second chance?” Dumbledore said thoughtfully.

“I don’t know if what I experienced was real or a dream but I do know for some reason I was chosen to save more than one person.” Aberforth said, “you know I did try so very hard with Peter but it was not enough, he still betrayed his friends.”

“You cannot blame yourself Abe.” Dumbledore said, “you remember how I did try to help Tom and what you said after all my hard work was for naught?”

“It was not your fault, you really did try with that boy.” Aberforth said quietly. “You all did and he was so talented so very talented and to be reduced to the evil shell he is now.”

“It was his choice.” Severus said quietly, “he chose to embrace evil. I nearly did too and I do fight the darkness within. If not for you I would have become a death eater.”

“You saved a lot of people.” Sirius said quietly.

“No that was God, he must had heard my prayers and allowed me this one chance.” Aberforth said.

“So what of the future, do you know what is to happen?” Remus asked.

“No I do not, it could go any which way now. But we have enough on our side that if we are careful we can win this war with little lives lost.” Aberforth said. “Four, no three Horcruxes and a parasite are destroyed, that leaves three more things to destroy.”

“So how do we do this?” Sirius asked.

Hours later Sirius needed a break and after he morphed to Padfoot had helped see Severus to his office he went outside into the bright summer sun. He loped over to where Harry was seated enjoying the day under a large tree and tackled his godson barking joyfully. He heard a whistle and turned and saw Draco had a Frisbee, Draco threw it and Padfoot ran and sprang high into the air to catch it. He ran back to Draco and let him throw it again and again he leaped and caught it. He gave it back to Draco who threw it to Harry and a game of keep away began in earnest.

“Never thought I would be paying catch with your godfather Harry.” Draco said tossing the Frisbee to Neville.

“Well he is nicer in this form.” Neville said tossing the Frisbee to Ron.

“That was not nice!” Harry said, “but yea some days he is nicer in dog form.”

“Am I correct in assuming that dog is not a dog but a man?” Came the voice of Umbridge and all the teens turned to face her.

“Um yea, he is my godfather.” Harry said innocently loving the look of shock that came over her face. “You mean he didn’t tell you?”

“We thought you knew.” Neville added as Padfoot turned human.

“Ah hello Deloris.” Sirius said trying for a winning grin.

“Uncle Siri you didn’t tell her?” Harry said proving he was a great actor as he was loving the look of anger fast replacing the look of sweetness on Umbridge’s face. “You did not tell professor Umbridge you were an Animagus?”

“Not nice mate, really not nice.” Ron added as the prank was getting very funny and Umbridge had no idea the joke was on her.

“I am going to kill your godfather Mr. Potter.” Umbridge said quietly getting out her wand. “I don’t really care if you mind.”

“Oi who has a camera?” Draco called out, “we need pictures of this!”

It was Collin who came up with a camera and Sirius realized he was dead though it was worth it. His secret was out but that was really not a bad thing as so many knew of his talent as it was anyway. He turned back to Padfoot and did his best to look so very cute. When he saw that was not working he turned human and ran for it. He ran into the forbidden forest with Umbridge after him and the teens howled with laughter. They tried not to laugh at dinner when Dumbledore told them that the centaurs were upset for some reason and that Umbridge was in the hospital wing. He added that the large shaggy dog seen on the grounds would stay locked up in a cage the rest of the school year and no the owners could not rescue him.

Yes Aberforth is taking a risk but his brother needs to know along with Harry. He is old enough to handle the truth and in fact was for years. As for the way I got rid of Umbridge well it did expose Sirius’s Animagus form and got him locked up but it did get rid of her. Hope you liked it!

## Chapter Fifteen: The Choices of the Malfoys:

Draco could not sleep no matter how hard he tried, in two days he headed back to his family and that bothered him. He loved his father dearly and that was why he felt so very torn. His father had doted on him from a young age, cared for him, soothed his hurts and treated him like a young prince. In fact he did spoil his son, it was he who sent sweets to Draco and wrote him nearly everyday (his mother was every other day and he loved their letters) and it was clear that Lucius poured out all his love he had for the many children he had hoped for on Draco. Draco shared his feelings and hopes with his father, at least he had until this year as his father had been more distant of late. Finally Draco got up and drew on his velvet green dressing gown and took up his writing kit and headed for the Slytherin common room. He sat down and wrote a letter to his father.

Dear Father,

I know what you are and what you do and I do know why. I am writing this letter as it pains me that I must inform you that the person whom you swore your loyalties to is not one I can join. I know what he professes to doing, protecting the Wizarding world. However after what I saw done to professor Snape, my godfather I cannot join such a man. Why would a man who professes to protect the Wizarding world torture and harm the head of Slytherin?

I want to protect the Wizarding world father but I cannot join who you serve. I have told no-one of what I know about you and I will not. But I cannot join the man you serve, I cannot abide how he tortures and maims the innocent. I do not want you to be upset by this father as I love you and look up to you but I will not join the unnamed one, I cannot do so.

Love Draco.

Draco used his own owl and sent the letter off to his father and dreaded the response he would get. He wandered the castle and grounds that day half expecting his father to storm up to the castle and demand he come with him then and there. Yet that did not

happen and that evening a letter came for him with his father's seal. With shaking hands he opened it and read what it said.

Dear Draco,

I know your decision is yours to make, if you feel this way about who I serve I do not fault you. We will talk more about this when you get home. Do not mention your choice to anyone else if you can, again we will talk when you get home. Burn this letter after reading.

Love Your Father.

This of course did not alleviate Draco's fears as he wondered what his father would have to say to him. Would his father force him to join or would he protect him? Draco had no idea what was to happen to him, he had heard rumors of the death eaters and he had seen for himself what could happen to the innocent. The morning the train would take him back to Kings Cross he tried to eat but found he could not and he felt sick. Severus saw this and before Draco was to get in one of the coaches to take him to the train he took him aside pressing something into his hands.

"If you have any troubles call me with this." Severus said to Draco.

"You know?" Draco said quietly.

"I do though I doubt your father was one of those who was there when I was a guest of Voldemort." Severus said quietly. "Promise me Draco you will use this and keep it close."

"I promise godfather." Draco said quietly.

Later that day he got off the train and saw his father waiting for him and he took his trunk and walked to him. His father sent his trunk to the manor and Apparated with Draco to the outskirts of the manor. They were at the end of the lane that lead to the gates of the manor and Draco knew his father wished to speak to him. He dreaded what his father had to say as he did not want to disappoint this great wizard his father really was. He loved his father so very much and

knew his father loved him dearly too, but he could not look at his father now, for he knew he would see disappointment in his eyes.

“You have given this thing great thought then have you Draco?” Lucius asked his only child.

“Yes father I have.” Draco said unable to look up at his father.

“Draco look at me please.” Lucius said gently putting his hand under his son’s chin and getting him to look up at him. “I am not mad, in fact I am impressed you made this decision for the right reasons.”

“I will protect our world father you have my word on this but not by joining him.” Draco said.

“A far better choice than I ever made.” Lucius said quietly.

The two wizards walked on to the gates of the manor, father and son and Lucius was deep in thought. He knew what he had to do but he could not tell his son. Not yet, it was not safe and there was yet another problem to work through. He stopped at the gates and turned to Draco who looked up at his father wondering what else his father had to say to him. Lucius saw how pale and fearful his son was, he saw he was afraid of his displeasure but Lucius was not displeased, his son was strong and willing to do what he saw as right and not bend to the dark lord as he had done.

“One word of caution Draco, as you are aware Bellatrix Lestrange escaped from Azkaban.” Lucius said.

“Yes father I know.” Draco replied quietly.

“She is staying with us, it would be best not to have much to do with her, it would be dangerous.” Lucius warned him.

“Yes father.” Draco said.

“If you feel threatened well I am sure Severus will help.” Lucius said, “no doubt he already has offered?”

“How did you know?”

“He is your godfather, I know him well.” Lucius said. “If you feel threatened you know what to do.”

“Yes father.” Draco replied.

He followed his father to the manor and entered and smiled as his mother came up and embraced him looking him over exclaiming how tall he had gotten. Draco loved his mother dearly, she was strict and expected him to study very hard and follow the rules but she doted on him in her own way. She was a Black and the Blacks were known to be cold and harsh, but she did her best to be good and do right by her only child. She lead Draco to the dining room where Draco saw Bellatrix and her husband and his brother. Rudolphus was a thickset man with long locks of rich thick black hair and one green eye, where the other should be a patch covered the empty socket. His brother was slender with long stringy black hair and dull green eyes and he did not speak much at all. As Lucius watched his family at dinner he came to a decision and knew who he had to talk with in order to save his family...

...Hours later he was seated at the Hogshead scared out of his wits wondering if this had been the right thing to do. Aberforth had been less than pleasant when he had come to speak to him asking him to contact the headmaster. Aberforth knew what he was alright and he thought Lucius had something to do with what had been done to Severus. However Lucius had heard of what had been done to his friend after the fact, he had not been part of the ten death eaters who had made sport with Severus. All but three had gone to Azkaban and would shortly die for their crimes. Lucius looked up from where he sat in a back room of the inn as Dumbledore entered the room and made to speak but was thrown across the room by a blast of very powerful magic from Dumbledore’s wand.

“You dare come here death eater?” Dumbledore said calmly his eyes glowing and all trace of kindness gone from his countenance. “You dare after what was done to my potions master?”

“I had no part in that, I could not harm Severus...”

“You dare lie to me?” Dumbledore said coldly storming over to where Lucius lay crumpled in an undignified heap. “You know what they did to him?”

“Yes he told me, please don’t kill me!” Lucius said clearly very terrified now of the great wizard before him.

“That was not my intension, however if you do not tell me the truth I will do things to you that will make your master seem pleasant.”

Lucius let out a whimper of terror, he could not help it, he was so very, very dead and he knew it. He could not harm Severus, he was a brother to him. There was a time he was disappointed that Severus had not joined with Voldemort but not any more, in fact he had not been disappointed for years for his choice. Severus had been the stronger man and had proven that time and again. Dumbledore walked to where Lucius was cowering against the wall and stood over him wand pointed down at him, he was going to make this death eater pay for the harm done to his potions master and looked down at Lucius in disgust.

“I speak the truth headmaster.” Lucius said, “I was not there when Severus was badly abused, I come to you to offer my allegiance to your side.”

“You have nothing to offer me death eater!” Dumbledore snapped.

“I do, do what you must to see the truth but I do not lie.” Lucius said realizing he was very possibly dead.

“I have some Veritaserum Al.” Aberforth said.

“Very well, if I find you had anything to do with what was done to Severus you will find Azkaban a haven from me!” Dumbledore said.

Lucius got to his feet and walked to a chair and took a seat, he took the Veritaserum willingly wanting to prove he was telling the truth. Dumbledore began to question him in length and found he was telling the truth, he hated Voldemort and served him out of fear not loyalty.

He had joined for power yes but he did want to protect the Wizarding world and Voldemort's plan would destroy their world not save it. He wanted to help Dumbledore to keep his family safe and realized that going with Dumbledore was the only way to do that...

Oh yes Draco is caught between two hard places. He loves his father and does not want to disappoint him but he cannot see himself joining Voldemort. In canon we saw Lucius loves his family very much and I do think he could be reasonable when it comes to his family. That is why he would go to Dumbledore, to protect his family. Of course given how Dumbledore treated Severus turning he would be this violent I am afraid.

## Chapter Sixteen: A Flaw in the Plan:

Harry groaned and lay on the floor finding it much better than trying to get up at this moment. He realized that Severus was evil, very evil in fact and was enjoying torturing him. His training had stepped up and as promised Severus was not gentle to him. Neville was still fighting and Harry knew if he did not get up he would wish he really had. He got up slowly and put a hand to his head getting Severus to look at him with raised eyebrow. That was the opening that Harry was looking for and he attacked and knocked Severus down. He smirked but lost his confidence as Severus got up and limped slightly forward and attacked again making Harry duck and put up a strong shield charm sending the spell back.

"Professor Snape you should rest your foot is still healing." Hermione said from where she was watching the training.

"Are you calling me too weak to take mere boys on Miss Granger?" Severus replied coolly hexing Harry over his shoulder as the boy raised his wand. "This is not even a challenge."

"Then this will be." Ron said taking out his wand and joining the fray.

"Not when we join professor Snape!" Fred said coming into the room.

"Yea now it's even!" George added.

Hermione muttered something that sounded like "boys" and walked out as the battle was on. She went into the library and smiled as a familiar owl flew to the window. She opened the window and let the black owl into the room and took the letter off it's foot and read it smiling as she did so. It was from Charlie and she opened it eagerly and read what Charlie had written her. She liked Charlie, he was smart and funny and so real and down to earth. He told her about the dragons and she told him about what went on in school and she found she liked him, no more than that she felt complete when he wrote and she longed for him to come see her. They had started writing earlier that year and quickly they had become fast friends, in fact Charlie said he would come visit her when he go the chance and she was so looking forward to it. She had her wand out and a shield charm up as she saw Moody "trying" to sneak up on her.

“Hello professor Moody.” She said smiling at him.

“Hello Miss Granger, great day for a duel.” He said smiling.

“Yes, I would but I am rather busy.” Hermione said.

“Ah well pity, I will have to take on the less talented then.” Moody said.

He put on a disillusionment charm and walked out into the sitting room. Hermione smirked as she heard six yelps of surprise and one roar of anger from Severus. She saw a flash of light, Moody shouting back at Severus and she had to get up to see this. She walked into the sitting room and saw the teens had wisely moved back and let Moody and Severus duel in the sitting room. The shouts had alerted Mrs. Weasley that Moody was here and she came up to see Moody hexing Severus back who retaliated to fire off a very evil hex, he turned Moody’s hair pink. Moody snarled and took it off only to have his hair turned bright yellow, Mrs. Weasley knew she had to end this before the wizards lost their tempers and started to throw dark hexes at each other.

“That is enough.” She said, “Severus stop riling up Alastor, Alastor stop riling up Severus.”

“Th’ boy needs it Molly.” Moody growled. “He has t’ stay in top form.”

“Yes but if you get me mad I may start using dark curses on you.” Severus said silkily.

“Aye an’ ye would die for it boy.” Moody growled.

“Bring it on old man.”

“Who are you callin’ old boy?”

“Who are you calling boy?”

“Ten galleons on professor Snape!” Harry’s voice rang out.

The multiple death glares got him to flee the room and Moody grunted and nearly laughed. Gryffindors were amusing that was for sure and he liked it here at Grimmauld place. He had come for lunch and felt as safe as he could here. After lunch he left to head to Diagon Alley, he knew there was a bounty on his head by the death eaters but did not care, he could take care of himself very well thank you very much. He was on guard as he walked down the alley and he noticed that everyone else here was too. After what had happened in Hogsmeade to Severus an anti-Apparation ward had been put around Hogsmeade and the alley except for one Apparation point. Moody had nearly finished shopping and he had one more store when he was attacked.

“Oh ruddy hell not you lot!” He snarled as he turned on the death eaters. “Let me guess ye came fer me?”

“Of course, dead or alive it matters not.” One of the death eaters snarled.

“How ‘bout ye all die instead?” Moody said attacking first.

As with Severus there were ten death eaters here but this time Moody had several people to back him up. The death eaters thought it would be much the same as last time but they were in for a shock as they were attacked savagely. They were driven back but not before Moody was hit and he fell to the ground out cold, as before Wormtail jumped from a death eater’s pocket and scurried over turning human as he did so to take Moody. He was hit with a stunner and fell to the ground and Severus stepped forward anger on his face. Behind him was Sirius and Remus wands out and the death eaters took one look at them and fled. They were chased into Knockturn Alley where unfortunately many shopkeepers were “on the payroll” that is to say bribed into helping the death eaters.

“Dammit!” Severus snarled, “ruddy hell!”

“Well we have Wormtail and did save Alastor.” Remus said a wolfish gleam in his eyes.

“True that.” Sirius said. “That little worm is gonna pay for what he did to you Severus time for me to show him how much we missed him.”

“Agreed I know I missed him very much.” Remus added grimly.

They came back to the alley and saw Moody sitting on the ground a hand over where his magical eye normally would be. He did not look happy and indeed there was blood streaming down his scarred face. Severus helped him up and took him to the Apparation point and went back to Grimmauld place with him, there he called Poppy who came and tended to the angry Auror. Moody was missing his magical eye, where it normally was stood an empty socket with a fresh gash to it. Poppy healed him up and put a patch over the empty socket and handed a potion to Moody who at one look from her knew not to refuse it. In fact she was the only healer who could give him anything and have him take it, he trusted her and Severus knew there was something between the two but was smart enough not to say anything about it.

“I am going down to the kitchen to see how Sirius and Remus are.” Severus said.

“Right then, call me if ye need any help.”

“I should not, Wormtail will learn why it was unwise of him to do what he did to me.” Severus replied softly.

“Leave enough t’ question is all I ask.” Moody said.

“I will but do not expect that from Remus or Sirius.” Severus said quietly.

He left in a billow of black robes heading down to the kitchen, once there he tossed his loose outer robes over a chair and saw Sirius and Remus were torturing the rat form of Wormtail on the table. The game apparently was to see who could get him to scream the loudest and so far from what Severus could see it was Remus who was the best at this game. Severus sat down and joined in the game causing Wormtail to squeal and twist in pain. He bored of this soon enough and with a flick of his wand turned Wormtail human again. Wormtail

looked up at him terror on his face and Severus smirked coldly at him, Sirius and Remus felt a tiny bit of fear as Severus really was scary when he got this angry. No angry did not describe how he felt, it was a cold raw barely control fury coming from the man that left magic crackling around the room.

“Hello Peter.” Severus said softly.

“R-Remus?” Wormtail looked to Remus who’s face had hardened in anger, “S-Sirius p-please you know w-what he is...”

“Don’t you dare speak ill of Severus.” Sirius said his voice cold as death, “don’t you dare you filth!”

“You dare ask for mercy when you gave none to Severus?” Remus snarled, “you dare when you killed Lily and James?”

“There will be no mercy for you.” Sirius said getting up just as Remus did dragging Wormtail off the table to the dungeon that still sat next to the kitchen.

“Severus he is yours do with him as you will.” Sirius said.

“Gladly.” Severus replied.

“No, don’t you leave me with him!” Wormtail screamed as he was left in the room alone with Severus.

“It’s just you and I filth.” Severus said softly closing the door and rounding on Wormtail. “You will find I don’t like it when I am abused and tortured, I don’t like it at all.”

Wormtail looked up at him horror on his face and realized he was quite possibly dead. Severus began to torture him and Wormtail screamed as he was hit with hex after hex and curse after curse. Severus began to question Wormtail knowing that he would break quickly as he was very weak and a coward. Ironic really as he had been sorted to Gryffindor, the hat had only picked up on the bravery he had at the moment and not the evil he would become later. The more Wormtail talked the more Severus tortured him until in the end

he got every last thing he wanted from the filth before him and left him sobbing and broken on the floor locking him in the room behind him...

...Riddle Manor:

Voldemort was not happy, his death eaters were suppose to capture Moody and bring him to him however all they had done was manage to get Wormtail captured. He swept into the room where his top death eaters were at and they knelt before him. He saw a bound witch in the corner still out cold and he smiled, they had brought him a prize after all! Emmiline Vance, a member of the order, she would have information that they could use. Still he had to keep his minions in line as they had not done all he had asked. He turned on Lucius who dared not look up as he knew he would be faulted for this.

“Lucius what happened?” Voldemort asked.

“We attacked and were attacked master.” Lucius replied, “we fought back and did loose but one, we did bring back an order member but were unable to gain Alastor Moody.”

“Crucio!” Voldemort said and Lucius cried out in pain knowing that if he did not he would die, Voldemort left it one for only a moment then took it off. “I asked you to bring Moody and you did not!”

“I got his eye.” Crabbe said letting out a shriek of pain as he was hit with a Crucio curse.

“I did not ask for his eye I asked for the wizard!” Voldemort shouted.

“Master we have a member of the order.” Bellatrix said.

“You will question her, for your sakes she better have something of worth to tell.” Voldemort snarled.

He left and Bellatrix took the prisoner away to question. Rudolphus walked up to Crabbe and snatched the eye away from him. He scanned it and cleaned it and put it in where his other eye had been blasted out. He looked around with it and found he liked what he saw

and he smiled coldly. They may have lost Moody but he now had his eye and he would have many good uses for it in the very near future...

Oh yes Severus did want to pay Wormtail back for his torture of him. I did not wish to write all the horribile curses Severus used on him. It's enough to say that they were not nice and so very, very dark indeed. In fact I doubt Wormtail will get out of this with many of his limbs fully intact. Don't worry about Moody and his eye, in the near future our dear Auror is going to have his revenge.

## Chapter Seventeen: Death of a Werewolf:

It was a cold dark night that Voldemort got a prisoner he longed for, this prisoner had dared mock him in print time and time again and would not stop. No he would not but tonight was the night that Remus Lupin would die. He had gotten word from one of his snatchers that he had Remus Lupin and was on his way to Voldemort. Voldemort had called his death eaters together summoning them to the woods where he would meet the snatcher and gain his prize. He had promised MacNair the right to kill him as MacNair had not killed for some time and Voldemort had promised him kills. Lucius heard the snatcher first and saw the tall burly troll-like snatcher dragging a bloody, bruised and bound Remus Lupin. The snatcher came forward into the mist of the masked death eaters and threw the battered werewolf before the death eaters.

“E put up a fight sire an’ I ‘ad t’ break bones.” The snatcher Thuggish said.

“No matter, you did well, here is your pay.” Voldemort motioned to Lucius who tossed a bag of gold to Thuggish.

“Thank ‘e master e’ is very generous.” Thuggish said.

“Why does he not speak?” Voldemort asked.

“Oh begging yer pardon sire but I broke his jaw ‘e put up a beg fight.” Thuggish replied.

“No matter, I will have him silenced forever.” Voldemort said. “Bring him here to the stone.”

Thuggish did and Remus was forced to put his head on the block. In the light of the torches Remus looked horrible, both his eyes were blacked and blood dribbled from his mouth as he could not move his jaw. He looked up with dull pain filled eyes and tried to snarl in defiance. It came out more of a moan of pain and he dropped his head unable to keep it up. His robes were in tatters and every part of his body was covered in cuts, welts and bruises, a few bones had broken the surface and it was clear he was close to death. MacNair

leaned on his axe waiting for the order to kill the werewolf before him. There was a hissing sound and Nagini came to view. Voldemort held out his hand and gently levitated her so she was around his neck. He stroked her lovingly and glared down at the broken wizard before him clearly amused at the pain and suffering Remus was going through.

“This werewolf, this creature not only refused to join those that are his true people but he dared insult me!” Voldemort said.

“He was unwise to do so master.” MacNair said.

“Yes it was, now you will see what happens to those who defy me!” Voldemort said, “this werewolf will feed Nagini, all but his head, that I will give back to Dumbledore’s pathetic order!”

Remus let out a moan and tried to speak but was unable to and he stopped trying to as it hurt too much.

“Kill him MacNair.” Voldemort said.

MacNair raised his steel axe and brought it down and severed the werewolf’s head from his body. The head of the werewolf rolled to a stop before Voldemort and began to change. Voldemort watched stunned as the features morphed and changed to that of Fenrir Grayback and he stepped back as a body fell to the ground before them, the body of Thuggish. Voldemort howled in anger and ordered his death eaters to find who had done this deed to him. He was going to kill whoever did this to him and make him look foolish.

Meanwhile Moody had Apparated away from the death eater meeting knowing that it was a waste of his time to gather Aurors together to come back as they would not find anyone there. He came back to Grimmauld Place and entered and waited until he turned back to his normal features before he headed down to the order meeting. Normally he would not kill, not like this but there were times when he had no choice and he had to kill, like what he had done to Thuggish. He saw the very much alive, whole and well Remus Lupin sitting sipping tea talking to Tonks and he took a seat across from him. Sirius came in smiling and looking very happy and Moody knew he had been on a date that had gone very well for him. Severus came in

after him and sat by Molly and looked over at Moody. The other order members filed in and took their seats and Dumbledore got the meeting underway.

“Anything noteworthy happen?” Dumbledore asked.

“Aye there is, I got Voldemort t’ kill Grayback.” Moody said calmly.

“Goodness how did you do that?” Remus asked looking pleased and shocked at the same time.

“Well it seems a death eater likes the eye he stole from me, seeing I have more than one and they are linked I can with certain spells see what he sees.” Moody said smiling grimly. “Voldemort was askin’ fer yer head and this death eater showed me where Grayback was.”

“So you did what exactly?” Severus said knowing exactly what he had done but knowing Moody wanted to tell his tale.

“Got me hands on Grayback, roughed him up badly and forced Polyjuice potion down ‘em.” Moody said. “I tried t’ keep the snatcher alive that I impersonated but that bit did not work out.”

“So how did Voldemort have me killed?” Remus asked.

“MacNair chopped off yer head, oh I saw how mad Voldemort was after he saw he was tricked.” Moody said smiling grimly, “it was a great day for us.”

“We needed a break like this.” Sirius said, “any way we can pin this on Voldemort alone in the killing of Grayback? I mean well to get the werewolves on our side would be a great thing.”

“They will not join us, now with Grayback dead they will go back to the shadows.” Remus said, “they really want nothing to do with humans.”

“I do’ blame them.” Moody said, “though Scrimgeour has been a bit better than Crouch he is still a fool in not treatin’ ye w’ respect.”

"I am used to it." Remus said quietly, "after all I am dangerous and a monster once a month."

"Not when you take your Wolfsbane and wear your muzzle." Severus said, "in fact you are a rather cute wolf."

"Yea too bad that I cannot charm your muzzle for you, you would look good in pink." Sirius smirked.

"I know, but the muzzle was carefully designed by Filius, and any color charms would um cause drastic problems as you well know now." Remus said smiling remembering what had happened to Sirius.

"I did not think it was funny." Sirius growled.

"Well did ye learn yer lesson then?" Moody asked him.

"What to get you a mask so you don't scare people?" Sirius shot back.

"Boy ye are treading on thin ice." Moody warned him.

"He is just jelious." Severus said, "you get far more dates than he ever will."

"Aye that I do." Moody said looking smug, "seems women don't care as much about looks, they like me nonetheless."

"Can't see why." Sirius said.

"Enough, I don't wish to see a fight." Dumbledore said firmly, "Alastor you amaze me, you did what none thought could be done."

Dumbledore was amazed at what his good friend had done, getting a hold of Grayback and getting him killed was a major win for them. Yet he knew that Voldemort would strike back and he had put in place a sanctuary for the muggle born and their families. Again his so called unlettered brother had got him to realize he had to do more to protect the Wizarding world. It was why he had to let the people here know he had a spy in the death eater ranks who was helping them, oh he could not mention names but he could bring hope to those gathered

here. Oh yes the man who could help them had a way to destroy a great evil that had threatened to destroy both the magical and muggle worlds.

“I had someone come to me to offer help.” Dumbledore said.

“Who sir?” Severus asked the aged headmaster.

“I promised to keep his name secret for now, but already he is helping greatly.” Dumbledore replied, “he knows how to destroy Dementors.”

“There is no way to destroy Dementors!” Sirius said, “they cannot be destroyed.”

“Man created them, and man can destroy them.” Remus replied, “so this wizard found out how to destroy them after a thousand years?”

“A thousand years, that was around the time the muggle world started to kill witches and wizards outright.” Severus said thoughtfully. “Could that be the reason we had to go into hiding?”

“Muggles cannot see Dementors.” Sirius said.

“No but they can feel them and I wonder if at one time they could, if we destroy them then could this mend the rift created between two worlds?” Severus asked. “My father was wary of magic but he did not hate magic, only the dark or evil side. When he died I very nearly did join Voldemort.”

“And I was well on my way to becoming an arrogant wicked bullying adult wizard.” Sirius said. “Aberforth did his best to save us all.” Remus said quietly.

“You will give him a swelled head.” Severus smirked.

“Well he deserves to have a swelled head.” Dora Tonks countered.

Severus sat back and wondered who it was that was risking their lives to do this? He thought briefly of Lucius Malfoy but though Lucius had done well in school he was not particularly that bright. He could

not have figured this out and Severus was still not fully convinced his good friend of so many years was a death eater. He trusted the headmaster in this, after all he did care very much, he could be cold and aloof at times but it was clear he cared so very much. Dumbledore had been forced to learn to trust again and it had been hard for him but he now did trust Severus and even his own brother like never before. In fact he was slowly healing and becoming the kindly gentle man he showed to the world. Slowly the mask he wore and showed the world was no longer a mask and his hard heart was mending. Oh he was not a wicked man just one who was scared and wanted so very badly to save the world at all costs. He knew now that sometimes one had to think of other's feelings and then act in a way that was truly kind and wise. That and work with others too.

I bet you were a bit upset as I started this chapter, you thought I was going to kill of Remus. Nope, this is a time travel fic and a good rule of those is to keep alive as many of the characters as possible. That having been said Voldemort deserved to loose his werewolf, then again he never should have messed with Moody. He has a bit of a temper and has been known to get quite upset. Oh and he wanted revenge and got it in a unique way here. As for who can destroy the Dementors well let's say he has gone to Dumbledore before to protect his family.

## Chapter Eighteen: New Teachers in Hogwarts:

Harry had been surprised when Severus had told him he would not be teaching Potions that year. Instead Dumbledore had convinced Slughorn to come back to teach. It was safer that he teach at Hogwarts and so Severus reluctantly took the defense against the dark arts post. It was true he had helped get the curriculum in place for the defense class, he had studied what was done in the American magical schools and had gotten the books needed for defense. He was an expert in the dark arts himself though he rarely used them himself and he preferred his potions. He did not like taking a job that had a curse on it but to protect the students and Wizarding world he would do just that.

Then too the war was heating up now that Voldemort had been ousted, so many had to go into hiding or face death and the Dementors refused to guard Azkaban prison anymore. However there was an answer to deal with these foul creatures and that was total destruction. Whoever was helping them now had a clear knowledge of Dementors and had been helping them destroy the Dementors one at a time. Still the now sixth years looked forward to the new school year and to being with their friends and even learning, at least on Harry and Hermione's parts. They got on the train on September first and had an uneventful ride to the school except for Draco getting slipped some W3 sweets and turning several different colors and him chasing Harry through the train before they were stopped by the trolley lady and ordered back to their seats.

The next day the classes began and Harry was looking forward to defense with Severus. Well mostly as he knew Severus could be very, very evil and he knew he had something planned just for him, after all he was Slytherin and that meant trouble for Harry he was sure of it. Harry went to his classes and was surprised at all the work, he thought that this year would be easier as he had dropped a few classes but that was not to be. He was piled with homework and went to his defense class loaded down already dreading all the work he had to do. He did not see Severus there when he took a seat and waited, the class filed in and sat down quietly and still no Severus. The class was very quiet waiting for him and still no Severus, then

there was a puff of smoke and Severus appeared, Harry knew he could not Apparate in Hogwarts so how had he do that?

“The dark arts are as subtle and like a Hydra many headed.” Severus said looking at his class. “One head is chopped off and another comes into its place. This continues on and on, but evil lacks one thing, it cannot feel love or good or enjoy a flower or light or freedom.” Severus said quietly, “you are to learn here how to fight evil and as you can see you will start to learn how to do so non-verbally. Mr. Potter come here.”

“Yes sir.” Harry said getting up and walking to stand before Severus.

“I want you to try and block me non verbally starting now!” Severus said shooting a spell at Harry.

“Protego!” Harry shouted forgetting the nonverbal thing for the moment and Severus ended up thrown against the wall and landing on the floor. He got up fire in his eyes and Harry gulped in fear. “Um I ah...”

“Mr. Potter what part of non-verbal did you not understand?” Severus said coldly.

“Um sorry sir, I just reacted.” Harry replied.

“Get into pairs, Harry pair with Draco, come on all of you pair up!” Severus said, “now remember non verbal!”

It was harder than anything most had ever done and of course this was not the only class that required non verbal casting. Still it was not easy as both Draco and Harry were finding out. Harry managed to get out a non verbal spell but missed Draco and got Hermione next to him instead. Her hair turned a lovely shade of lavender and Draco smirked. Of course Hermione noticed and accident or no she turned her fury on Harry who threw up a strong shield charm just in time. Severus turned from watching Neville spar with Pansy and watched as both Harry and Draco were fighting off a very upset Hermione Granger who was not accepting their apologies. Of course if the boys had not been laughing she might be more willing to forgive them. She

got Draco with a jelly legs curse and hit Harry with a color changing charm that changed him to a nice bright blue.

“Enough!” Severus said not even needing to raise his voice.

“He turned my hair lavender sir!” Hermione said angrily.

“I am sorry,” Harry said, “but you look so cute with lavender hair!”

“Why you I am going to kill you Harry Potter!” Hermione said aiming her wand at him.

“I said enough, one more curse and you will report to lunch bright blue!” Severus said casting spells to remove the charms. “Now sit, you will go over the first chapter of your text and study it well, I will know if you have not.” Then he added “Five points from Gryffindor for Miss Granger’s loss of temper!”

The students went back to their seats and began to study the text in earnest, they were surprised that it was all about meditation and how to focus the mind. Harry realized the text was written in a way that was familiar to him and he checked the front of the text and the author again and smirked, so that is what Remus was doing in his spare time. The name of the author puzzled him for a moment then he nearly laughed, Francis A Roman was the name that Remus had chosen to write the book and Harry was highly amused by it. He saw Snape glaring at him and he went back to studying planning on talking to Remus that very evening though his two-way mirror.

He went to potions after lunch in high spirits and sat down next to Hermione, Draco and Ron as many of their classmates had not chosen to go on in potions. Neville though a strong capable wizard just was not any good at potions no matter how hard he tried, and oh how he had tried! Slughorn came into the classroom as soon as the students were seated. He was very fat, bald and had a huge mustache and merry twinkling eyes. He took in the class and it was clear he was very impressed by all here, Harry could not imagine him as head of Slytherin house at one time but then Severus had told him tales of a very different Slughorn around his beloved snakes. Of a

strict man who would not tolerate weakness but still doted on his students and was really a clever caring man.

“Good afternoon I am professor Slughorn.” Slughorn said beaming at his students. “I am very glad to meet you all and have you in my sixth year potions class. Ah Mr. Malfoy, you no doubt have your mother’s talent?”

“Yes sir.” Draco said and Harry was surprised, he assumed it would be his father he took after not his mother, then again his mother was a Black and they were considered mostly smart and clever. “I hope to make both my parents proud.”

“Harry Potter, I knew your mother as well, so very talented. Ron Weasley, I have heard of your brothers, they now own their own shop do they not?”

“Yes sir, Weasley Wizarding Wheezes or W3 sir.” Ron replied.

Slughorn went around to each student and he was impressed by this class, Severus had done so well and he really was very gifted. He was glad to teach with him, though he was a bit dour even now though he had so much going for him. He had of course heard all about last year and it had angered him enough to take up Dumbledore’s offer. He had knowledge to help defeat Voldemort and he had spent long nights talking with Dumbledore and his brother about what they could do to stop him and help bring the houses closer together. A radical plan had been put in place and would be brought out later but not now, no this was a plan that had to be brought slowly to the students as this was a large change for all. He walked back to the front of the class and stood before a cauldron that held a golden liquid that was leaping and jumping in the small cauldron.

“Does anyone know what this is?” Slughorn asked and both Ron and Hermione’s hands went up.

“Miss Granger?”

“Liquid luck sir.” She replied, “or Felix Fidilus sir.”

“Yes indeed, five points to Gryffindor, now what does it do?” As Draco raised his hand, “Mr. Malfoy?”

“It gives the drinker luck though it’s not good to drink too much sir.” Draco said, “one of my ancestors um died when they used too much and got tramped by a Hippogriff.”

“That is correct, five points to Slytherin.” Slughorn replied, “now I am willing to give anyone who makes the best draught of the living death in class today, you will find the ingredients you need on the board.”

Each student wanted that liquid luck and they all started to work on the potion. Though the text was by Severus and was well written this was not an easy potion to make. Full concentration was needed and one slip up of stirring or going too fast or too slow in adding ingredients and the potion would not turn out right. Harry was careful as careful could be but his potion was not reaching the lavender stage it should at the half hour mark. Draco on the other hand was the only student to reach that stage and finally his potion went silver then nearly clear with a hint of lavender when Slughorn called time. He walked by the students and looked at the potions carefully and beamed at Draco.

“All of you did so very well.” He said, “so very well indeed however Mr. Malfoy has won!”

“Thank you sir!” Draco said as he was given a tiny bottle of the liquid luck.

“Great now I have to deal with your swelled head Malfoy.” Ron muttered.

“Ron that was not nice!” Hermione snarled at him.

“Sorry I was only joking.” Ron snapped back.

“I should get a camera.” Harry said to Draco.

“Or duck.” Draco replied.

The students finished cleaning up and bottling their potions just as the class ended. They walked out and Harry saw Hermione talking angrily with Ron. As he did not wish to get in the middle of that he headed back to the common room and dropped off his bag before he headed down to dinner. He saw Ron limp in and knew Hermione had lost her temper with Ron yet again. She came in and sat down next to Harry and looked up grinning as the evening mail came. A letter was dropped on her plate and she opened it and read it. Harry knew who it was from, it was from Charlie and he knew that both Hermione and Charlie got along very well. He was smart, witty and treated Hermione with great respect and really did like her very much and said he had a surprise for her. Hermione wondered what it was as did Harry, in fact he had a feeling there were several surprises this year the teachers were not telling them about just yet...

Yea had to bring Slughorn in as he is very much needed and will have much to offer here. Draco needed something good to happen and in this time line that is exactly what happened. He never had to join Voldemort and he is friends with Harry.

## Chapter Nineteen: Change is a Good Thing:

Aberforth could not believe what he was seeing, or what he had heard would happen. This was far better than even he could have ever hoped for, inner house co-operation unlike any he had ever seen. For a thousand years the houses at Hogwarts had lived in separate common rooms and never had any invited another from another house to their common room. Well that was the case between Gryffindor and Slytherin but there were cases, rare as they were that a Ravenclaw student would go to the Hufflepuff common room and vice versa. In fact until last year a headmaster had not visited the common room of a house ever in recorded history. Things were changing and for the better Aberforth mused, this was a change he could get behind fully.

Of course Severus was nervous, he had never had any students of any other house in his common room before. How would this go over? How would his snakes deal with this and why now? Well he knew why now, it was to unite the school against Voldemort that was why this was being done. None of the passwords would be given to the common room to the other houses or students, they could only come into the common room but go no further into the house. The dorms were off limits and the private study rooms too that each house had. Still as he waited for the Gryffindors to come with his students at attention their uniforms pressed and neat as always he glowered. There was a knock at the door and he went to answer it seeing McGonagall there with her students.

“Good evening professor Snape, may I bring my students in?” McGonagall asked.

“Yes Professor McGonagall you may.” Severus said, “Do come in.”

“Thank you.”

She came into the large room with her class and they looked around in awe. Though the dorms and common room were fifty feet above the lake (as the castle sat on a cliff overlooking the lake) the windows were charmed so that the common room looked like it was underwater. The room was long and with a high ceiling that was

easily twenty feet high. A huge marble fireplace helped warm the room and a statue of Salazar looked down on the students below. Harry studied the statue, Salazar was not a tall man but he was well built and was clad in armor over his flowing robes and had a staff with a serpent on it in one hand and sword in the other. On his chest gleamed a locket and he was a stern and imposing figure, unlike the statue of Godric that showed a fierce but happy man. There were couches and chairs in green pushed back to the walls as this was a dueling class for the two houses.

“So you like it Potter?” Draco said looking smug, “not like yours is it?”

“No, it’s brilliant, but I do like mine better.” Harry replied, “though snakes are dead useful.”

“So what are we to do here?” Ron asked, then added “sir” as Severus glared at him.

“The older students, those fourth year and up will practice dueling for now.” McGonagall said, “the younger students will watch.”

The youngest Gryffindors groaned in disappointment but went quite when Severus and McGonagall glared at them. It came as no surprise when Harry and Draco decided to duel first, they had become friends because they found they both cared about Severus and that united them but they were very, very competitive nonetheless. They were also very good too and proved just how good they were as they dueled, of course they were not allowed to do anything dangerous or deadly but their spells were very impressive. Ginny was enjoying watching the duel when Ron volunteered her to duel and take on both Crabbe and Goyle. They were not overly bright but they were good with dueling and thought a fifth year girl was one they could take on. Severus mentally groaned as he knew what was going to happen next before it did.

“Five Galleons on Miss Weasley.” McGonagall said to Severus.

“This is not a contest, I may need to call Poppy.” Severus said to her.

“They would not dare hurt Ginny!” McGonagall said hotly.

“No but she will easily take them down.” Severus said.

It was all too true, Ginny allowed them to think they would get the upper hand but then she turned on them expertly. She ducked and weaved, blocked and hexed with such skill even the Slytherins were impressed. Crabbe and Goyle would not quit. It was not due to stupidity but it was due to pride and even as each boy was hit with as many non harmful hexes as she could get them with they refused to give up. Both houses were cheering them out as much as Ginny and finally when they could take no more Ginny stepped back a smug look on her face. Ron and Harry actually helped Crabbe and Goyle up and helped take off most of the charms. This first evening went very well and both McGonagall and Severus could not have been happier how the evening turned out.

The next evening it was Gryffindor’s turn to host the Slytherins, their common room was just as large but it had more alcoves and had more of a confined cozy feel as only a tower room could. Once more it was dueling practice and more students practiced than had the night before. The awkwardness of the night before was all but gone as the students began to get used to this new turn of events. Of course young students as they were change came easier to them than their adult teachers. Still it was worth it to see how happy this made the students to actually work together like this. Severus was happy to see this, he already had proven in his own life that Slytherin and Gryffindor could get along with his friendship with first James, Sirius Remus and Peter then with Sirius and Remus. To see both houses getting along made him very happy indeed.

“I am glad we are doing this.” McGonagall said in the Staffroom later that evening.

“I thought you would not be.” Severus said, “it is a huge change for the school.”

“But needed, Voldemort is tearing apart the world outside this school. Our students have to work together, to know they can work together.” McGonagall replied.

“Our world relies solely on these young people.” Severus said thoughtfully, “we have the power to change the future and we will, we must to survive.”

It was only too true, the war outside the school was getting worse, even though the Dementors were being destroyed there were other creatures that were working with Voldemort. Hags, Vampires, Levensfold, Incubus and other creatures as evil, vile and bloodthirsty as could be. The muggle born had gone into hiding and muggle born students were carefully protected at school. At least the half giants were on their side, the full giants were all but wiped out and hid deep in the mountains of Europe. The half giants were more than happy to engage in fighting and with out their help and the help of dragon keepers on their mighty steeds there would be more grief and deaths than there were now.

“Do you have any idea who is spying for us?” McGonagall asked Severus.

“No, I have asked the headmaster but I have my suspicions.” Severus replied. “Lucius Malfoy, I know he claimed he was not a death eater and was acquitted of all charges by the Wizengamot but I believe he is a death eater.”

“I hope not, his son is such a good student.” McGonagall said.

“I know but there are times I have good reason to believe he is a death eater.” Severus said. “But I know he is not evil, he has taken good care of his family and does spoil his son. He is just power hungry and really wants to protect the Wizarding world. Voldemort’s lies would appeal to him.”

“I do hope you are right Severus.” McGonagall said.

Severus did too, he wanted to believe his old friend was good and not evil. He went back to his house and found his students mostly studying and of course staying out of trouble. He knew that there would be more troubles to come but at least the houses were finally uniting together. What more could a professor like him want?

Yes Ginny is powerful, she did take an eye from Rudolphus and would enjoy showing off. Having students visit other houses common rooms would help with unifying the school as this is what is needed.

## Chapter Twenty: Forced Betrayal:

Lucius did not want to do this, not this not to his good friend and the godfather of his only child and son. He had no choice but to do this, his master would kill him and his family if he did not. Even though he had brought the prophecy to Voldemort, even though he had helped him regain most of his power Voldemort still kept him on a short leash. Now he wanted Severus and he was getting impatient with Lucius as the days and weeks went on. Finally Lucius was able to get what looked like an innocent bottle of wine past the guards at the gates of the school up to the school and down to Severus's office. He had gone himself, disguised as a student he had stunned and put in the shrieking shack and headed into the school. As he had stunned a Slytherin he was able to sneak in and drop off the bottle and get back out without meeting anyone. He gave the robes he had borrowed from the young male student back, wiped his memory and went to wait for Severus to take up the bottle.

Hours later Severus came into his office and saw the bottle on the desk and he frowned walking up he cast spells around it to make sure it was safe. Satisfied there was nothing dangerous in the bottle he picked it up, unfortunately the one thing he could not detect was a port key and unfortunately that is what the bottle was. He was whisked away in a rush of wind and after a few moments he landed with a thump on a soft forest floor. He found his wand summoned from him and he scrambled to his feet to find himself surrounded by death eaters. Most were masked, all but Lucius who stood before him looking at him grimly and a cold fear gripped at Severus's heart. This was not happening, Lucius could not do this, not to him they were good friends and how could Lucius do this? Lucius walked up to Severus and took out cuffs to bind his friend.

"Lucius don't do this." Severus said as the cold steel was put on his wrists.

"I am sorry but he wants you." Lucius said not able to look his friend in the eyes. "I give him what he wants."

"You cannot, please Lucius don't, don't take me to him." Severus said feeling cold fear go through him. "You don't have to do this."

“I am sorry Severus.” Lucius said.

He grabbed a hood and put it over Severus’s head and lead him away, Severus felt himself guided through side-along Apparation and found himself lead along what was now a stone floor. Finally the hood was removed and Lucius stepped back bowing as he did so. Severus refused to look up as Voldemort walked up to him and he flinched as Voldemort traced a finger along his cheek. He found himself forced to look up into the cold red eyes of Voldemort and he made sure to show Voldemort just how much he hated him in his mind. Voldemort stepped back and looked up at Lucius then back at his captive.

“Leave us.” He said to Lucius who bowed and left Severus with Voldemort. “You have been quite a problem lately child.” Voldemort said to Severus.

“Then why do you not kill me?” Severus said defiantly.

“I don’t want you dead child.” Voldemort said stepping closer to his captive getting Severus to flinch again. “You could become greater than ever working with me.”

“Tempting offer but no, I think not.” Severus snarled. “You humiliated me, tortured me and cut me up and maimed me and you expect me to serve you?”

“I wanted that prophecy, no I needed it.”

“You could have asked, Harry would have given it to you.” Severus said knowing that is exactly what Harry would have done. “He doesn’t much take to prophecies anyway, he thinks they cause more harm than good.”

“And you believe that brat do you?” Voldemort hissed.

“Kindly do not call Harry Potter a brat!” Severus snapped. “He is a far better wizard than you ever could hope to be!”

That was not the right thing for Severus to say as Voldemort got very angry and cast a Crucio curse at Severus. Severus fell to the floor and in defiance he refused to cry out clenching his jaw so he would not. Voldemort simply increased the horrible pain forcing Severus to scream in pain. Voldemort took the curse off and reached down and drug Severus up by his hair and drug him to the outer wall away from the fire and with a flick of his wand chained Severus to the wall. Severus just sat on the floor forcing himself to stay conscience and not pass out.

“Such insolence form you will not be tolerated.” Voldemort said coldly.  
“You will find it easier to do as I say.”

“I am not yours nor will I be!” Severus snarled.

“You will find in time I can be a good master as you do not have a say in the matter anymore.” Voldemort said, “you will be mine or die a slow and painful death.”

With that he was gone leaving Severus alone angry and hurt at the same time. How could Lucius do this to him? He thought they were good friends, he was Draco’s godfather for Merlin’s sake! Then again if he was a slave to Voldemort he may not have had a choice. Severus looked up when Lucius came in, Severus stood up and glared at him defiantly. Lucius walked up taking his wand from his cane and checking Severus over. Satisfied Severus was not too badly hurt he summoned a goblet of wine from a table across the room. He tried to give it to Severus but Severus turned his head refusing the offering.

“You need it, the curse will have weakened you.” Lucius said quietly,  
“I am sorry, I did not want this.”

“Then why did you do this?” Severus asked. “I vouched for you, I said you were no death eater! I protected you! How could you do this to me?”

“He is my master, I must do as he says.” Lucius replied finally getting Severus to drink the goblet of wine, “he has been very good to me.”

“I will not be his.” Severus said.

“Then he will kill you.” Lucius said sadly.

He filled the goblet and made Severus drink that too then he had one himself. He was sure Severus was dead, after all the only person who could stop the death of Severus was Dumbledore and he was not above sacrificing anyone for the great good. Lucius had to leave Severus and though it was dangerous and he did not expect Dumbledore to do anything about it he sent off an owl to Dumbledore. He admitted his part in the abduction and how he had managed it and he went as far as to offer his life for that of Severus if only Dumbledore would protect and save Severus.

Meanwhile Severus was laying against the wall unable to fully lower his arms as the chains were too short for that. He didn’t even bother looking up as the door to the chamber opened and several people came into the room. Though Voldemort’s orders were clear that Severus was not to be harmed they still could torment and taunt the potions master. At the lead as always was Bellatrix, with here was McNair, Rudolphus and Rabastan. The years in Azkaban had not softened their bloodlust or their lust for torture and pain. Their target right now unfortunately was one Severus Snape and he knew it. He wondered just what these fiends had in store for him this time. Bellatrix walked up to Severus who glared at her showing just how much he hated her.

“Well if it isn’t the weakling that dares call himself head of Slytherin.” She taunted Severus. “If Salazar...”

“If Salazar where here he would be appalled as to what his direct descendent has been up to, he believed in protecting the Wizarding world not destroying as you seem so keen on doing.” Severus countered.

“How dare you, you dare speak of the dark lord in such a manner?” Rudolphus snarled, he kept half his face out of the light but even so Severus could see the stolen eye of Moody’s glinting in his face.

“Because I am right.” Severus said calmly.

“You clearly do not understand the power of the dark lord do you?” Bellatrix said walking up to him and running a long nailed hand down his jaw. “I could teach you.”

“Get your hands off me.” Severus snarled.

“There was a time you would have accepted me, what has happened Severus?” Bellatrix asked, “a beautiful witch not your thing? You prefer wizards perhaps?”

“I prefer witches who do not kill and torture and drive insane good noble families for fun!” Severus retorted. “Nor do I or would I rape another for fun as you seem to enjoy.”

“How I would love to make you beg for mercy!” Bellatrix retorted.

Before she could continue the door opened once more and Voldemort came in and walked up to Severus. His death eaters stepped away and Voldemort stepped up to Severus, Severus tensed and tensed in his bonds. He wanted to break free and run but he could not and though fear coursed through him he would not beg, not now though he would face death. Voldemort got uncomfortably close and ran a long fingered hand down Severus’s face. Severus tensed but had nowhere to go. He was already backed to the wall and could not find any escape.

“I own you already.” Voldemort said softly. “You know this don’t you?”

“God is my master none other.” Severus said quietly.

“Very well, Lucius come here now!” Voldemort said.

“Yes master?” Lucius said coming into the room bowing low.

“Prepare him now!” Voldemort replied.

Lucius felt numb but he had no choice but to grab Severus and drag him forward to the center of the room. There he forced Severus to his knees and bound Severus’s hands behind his back. He felt the collar

of his robes undone then his shirt, exposing his chest. Severus saw Lucius take out a sliver knife and he knew what was coming and that he was going to die. He refused to beg as his head was forced back and the knife came closer toward his throat.

“That is quite enough.” Came the voice of Dumbledore, “you will unhand my boy now!”

Severus looked up to see a very angry Albus Dumbledore flanked by Remus Lupin, Sirius Black and oh Merlin Harry Potter! It seemed as the muggle phrase went the Calvary had arrived...

## Chapter Twenty One: A Turning Point:

Severus looked up shock and relief on his face, Dumbledore looked furious as he stepped forward and confronted Voldemort. Sirius blasted Bellatrix to the wall while Remus took care of MacNair and Rudolphus, and Harry took out Rabastan. That left Lucius who had moved to guard his master Voldemort. Voldemort waved him off and turned to face Dumbledore anger hiding the fear he felt deep inside. The two wizards circled each other, quite and calm for the moment. Harry ran to Severus, he had found out that Dumbledore was going to go after Voldemort and he had stated he was coming along. To show he meant it he had taken out his cloak and hid under it telling the headmaster he could follow very quietly. Sirius and Remus had been there and though they did not want Harry to come to harm they knew they had no choice.

“Sir are you alright?” Harry asked Severus.

“How the hell did you find me?” Severus asked, “this house is unpotable!”

“Well normally, we used a muggle trick sir, a tracking device modified slightly so it would work here.” Harry answered. “Thought old Voldy was not done with you sir.”

“Lucius was going to kill me.” Severus said. “He betrayed me, I thought we were friends!”

“That is because he is loyal to his master.” Harry said, “you know what he is now.”

“I do, poor Draco.” Severus said softly.

Meanwhile Dumbledore was waiting for Voldemort to make the first move as he knew he would. Voldemort looked at Dumbledore with hatred and loathing but what was interesting was the look Dumbledore gave Voldemort, it was one of sadness and sorrow. Voldemort raised his wand and the battle began. It was an awesome battle that only those who were as skilled as these two could engage in. Harry got Severus unbound and summoned his wand for him. Not

surprisingly Lucius had the wand and he snarled as it was taken from him.

“Tom what did I tell you about taking anything that belong to me?” Dumbledore said a hint of anger in his voice. “Or harming that which is under my protection?”

“So you do care about the boy.” Voldemort said then turning to Lucius, “you betrayed me you!...”

“No he did nothing.” Sirius said stepping forward grinning, “see the real joke here is you, you and your hatred of muggles.”

“You! I knew your brother, served me well he did, until well...”

“Yea until you killed him.” Sirius said the smile fading, “I am not happy about that really, but back to how we found Severus. Muggle tagging device, all we needed was the general direction and the headmaster did the rest.”

“I did not detect any tracing charm or tracing on him.” Voldemort snarled, “you lie.”

“Um and you grew up in a muggle orphanage?” Remus said knowing quite a bit of Voldemort’s past. “Well then let me explain so you can understand, it’s a tracer, muggle style, modified a bit by me. Just enough magic so that you would not detect it but that I could trace it.”

“You could not, you dare lie to me?” Voldemort shouted.

“Tom your time has come.” Dumbledore said. “Surrender or die.”

“Never you old fool!” Voldemort snarled.

Dumbledore cast a very powerful shield charm just as Voldemort let loose with a horrible curse. Severus shuddered as the curse pounded the heavy shields that Dumbledore had put up and there was an explosion and cloud of dust all around. Still Dumbledore held up the shield protecting them as the house literally fell down around them. When the dust cleared they found themselves standing outside with

the rubble of Riddle Manor all around them. Dumbledore scanned the area but did not find any trace of Voldemort or his death eaters dead or alive.

"Let's go, Severus are you alright?" Dumbledore asked Severus.

"Lucius betrayed me!" Severus said tears in his eyes.

"We will talk about that at the school, come Severus I will take you back." Dumbledore said taking him by the arm.

"Let's go Harry, can't believe you wormed your way into this." Sirius said.

"Yes, you were very naughty, you will have to be punished." Remus replied sternly.

"Yea as if you could keep me from coming." Harry retorted, "you said I could come so there!"

"Brat." Sirius said a smile at his lips.

They Apparated away from the ruins of Riddle manor and landed at the gates of Hogwarts. Severus walked up to the school and entered and was at once ordered to the hospital wing. He of course argued with the headmaster and in the end gave up and went up to the hospital wing. Ah yes it was great to be home indeed!

Grimmauld Place:

Lucius Malfoy woke slowly and noticed that his back was not in pain and wondered almost aloud if he were alive. He felt terribly thirsty but other than that there was little he could feel wrong with him, just a headache and that was it. He remembered back to the horrible anger of Voldemort, oh he had been angry when he had taken his followers to safety and he had taken that anger out on Lucius. He had rounded on Lucius in rage and Lucius remembered what was done next in painful detail.

“I wanted a potions master and you could not give me that!” Voldemort hissed at Lucius. “You were to kill him if he refused to join.”

“I did try master, I tried but Dumbledore....”

“How did he find us, unless you betrayed us Lucius did you?” Voldemort said rounding on him.

“No master, I could not I would not!” Lucius replied terror filling him.

“Master if I may,” Rudolphus said getting Voldemort to turn on to him, “if they did use filthy muggle technologies then it is possible that Dumbledore was able to find you he is a powerful wizard. Though it is clear nowhere near as powerful as you master, you are far more powerful than any wizard ever.”

“I am, however Lucius will suffer for this, take his clothing!” Voldemort said.

Lucius looked up in shock but dared not protest as the three other wizards here stripped Lucius bare. Voldemort ordered him down on his stomach on the floor and MacNair was given a whip. He used it cruelly on Lucius as punishment for his failure to kill Severus Snape. Finally MacNair finished and Voldemort ordered everyone out and he walked over to his naked shivering death eater and ordered him to get dressed, get out and stay in Knockturn Alley until he was called for.

He remembered little after getting the small bare room with only a small bed in it, he had fallen to the lumpy old mattress and passed out. He had snatches of memory of someone tending to his back, kindly hands and a gentle voice came to him. He opened his eyes and sat up slowly and realized he was in a small room on a bed with only two hard chairs and one wardrobe in the corner. He noticed he was naked but for a pair of simple drawstring pants and he wondered if his was part of one of his master’s games. The door to the room opened and he backed up as Mrs. Weasley came in, no this was real, Voldemort would not make him think he was seeing Molly Weasley.

"Good you are awake, you came here in a bad way." Molly said walking up and put a tray by him that contained tea and cakes. "You need to eat you lost a lot of blood."

"How is Severus, he must hate me now." Lucius said drawing his knees to his chest and putting his head on his arms. "I did not want to harm him but my family, I had to make a choice."

"Well your master will not touch you or your family again." Molly said, "you are safe here now."

"I don't deserve to be, not after what I did." Lucius said.

"I know why you did it, to protect your family." Molly said.

"Ma'am I nearly killed your daughter." Lucius said, "that diary I, it was me."

"I know it was, you were a wicked man for that." Molly said sternly, "however I know you regret it and Severus punished you for it already."

"How can you be so forgiving of me?" Lucius said puzzled by this.

"Because it is better to forgive than hold a grudge for life. We have seen what holding grudges does." Molly said. "Now do try to eat the headmaster will wish to speak to you later."

"Yes ma'am." Lucius said.

He ate and when done Molly took the tray and left him. It was not long before Dumbledore entered the room with Severus. Seeing Severus made Lucius want to cry, he hated himself as he had betrayed him! Severus had to hate him now for what he had done and Lucius very nearly started to cry. Severus came over and sat on the bed and looked at Lucius concern on his face. He had learned the truth from Dumbledore about who's side Lucius was on and he would do all he could to protect him. Already Shacklebolt was questioning Narcissa and would have handpicked Aurors around the manor day and night watching the family to see if Lucius came back. That was

the official reason they were there, the unofficial reason was to keep Narcissa safe.

“I am sorry Severus, I had no choice.” Lucius said.

“I know, the headmaster knew that you may have to do something like this.” Severus replied.

“I had a trace put on Severus, so that if you had to take him I would be able to get him out with you loosing your life at Tom’s hands.” Dumbledore said. “I am sorry he still punished you.”

“I deserved the lash, not for what I did to him but for the acts I committed.” Lucius replied.

“I know that now, you will stay here, Alastor will speak with you.” Dumbledore said.

“Please no, he will torture me!” Lucius said going pale.

“He will question you, he is an Auror and has that right.” Severus said.

“You can say that after what he did to you?” Lucius shot back.

“He did get Veritaserum to me after I was in the Ministry for a time. He saved me from Azkaban that way.” Severus said. “He has promised not to harm you too badly.”

“I see, let him come then and do what he must.” Lucius said quietly.

Lucius knew he deserved this, he had done some terrible things and if he was honest with himself he knew that the headmaster was being more than fair to him. Severus and Dumbledore left leaving Lucius to wonder his fate. Moody came in and closed the door behind him and walked up to Lucius who tried to get away from the grizzled scarred Auror. Moody cast spells and grimly walked up to Lucius ready to do what he had every right to do to Lucius. He grabbed the death eater by the hair and forced him to his feet, he saw the terror in the other man’s face and realized that keeping Lucius here was not going to be enough. He had just the place for the death eater, far from here and

where he could do as he wanted to the death eater. He Apparated away with his captive to a small farmhouse where no-one would hear Lucius' screams of pain and terror...

While this was going on Aberforth had come to Grimmauld Place with two more items that would help tip the war even more to the side of good. He had found the last two Horcruxes save Nagini and he had brought them here for Bill to destroy. He found Bill in the sitting room playing chess with Ron his mother was knitting and Harry was reading a book on the Goblin wars. His brother came in with Severus and took a seat wanting to watch what Aberforth would do now. Harry now kept the destroyed Horcruxes with him in a small bag with an expandable charm on it around his neck. Here he had the locket, diary and ring and soon he would add the cup and diadem to those he already had.

“So what we got today?” Bill asked as Fleur came up wanting to see if she could help.

“Two more for you, well one for you and one for Miss Delacour if she so wishes.” Aberforth said.

“I will take the cup, the what you call it, diadem is much to hard for me.” Fleur said softly.

“Good shall we have some fun?” Bill said putting on his charm protected gloves.

“I don’t know how you can see curse breaking as fun, it is so dangerous.” Molly said looking up from her knitting.

“Well yea it can be but I do make sure I have ample protection. The gloves are just one protection I need.” Bill replied grinning, “that and my long hair and armor and of course this lovely earring of mine.”

“Watch it or I will cut your hair!” Molly warned her son.

“Oh no please mother Weasley I would die of grief if that was done!” Fleur said defending Bill. “He is oh so sexy this way and so strong

and brave. Yes very brave, I think that is why I wish to marry him, such a noble and from a brave and noble family.”

Bill grinned and Molly went back to her knitting, she had been fully prepared to not like Fleur when she found the girl had taken an interest to her son. However when she had saved Harry the way she did from the evil attached to him and continued to help the order and even fight when needed Molly had seen a earnest young girl who was really just what her Bill needed. The deal had been sealed when Fleur had learned of Remus’ “furry little problem” and had not had a problem with it. Right now she was trying so hard to get Remus to see how much Tonks loved him and hopefully he would. She was a good and kind young woman who would add so much to the Weasley family.

Bill worked hard on the Diadem, calling Harry up to help when one of the curses around it was in Parseltongue. Hearing that come out of Harry made Molly go pale but Bill took in stride as did Fleur and both Dumbledores. Finally a small cry of pain let them know the Horcruxes were destroyed and a small cheer let them know Kreacher completely approved. They turned to the small elf who walked out singing “God Save the Queen”. That meant there was one more and Harry had promised Neville that one was his to destroy and Neville knew how he would do it.

“So that is six down and one to go then snake face himself.” Harry said.

“I like Moldy Voldy myself.” Remus said walking into the room.

“Or Balls-less b---“

“Sirius if you wish to live another day you will not finish that sentence.” Molly said calmly not looking up from her knitting.

“Sorry ma’am, but well I always wondered if his mum and dad even were married, there are no records of marriage.” Sirius replied. “Or if he even has equipment to ah well you know.”

“He does.” Harry said and he got a glare from Molly, “well you don’t think he came out of that cauldron clothed did you?”

“That is enough Harry.” Molly said and Harry had every intention of listening to her.

“Poor boy that had to scar you for life.” Remus said.

“Well not really, I wanted to laugh, he is really tiny.” Harry said.

Molly put down her knitting sputtering in rage while the room broke out in laughter. Dumbledore tried his very best to keep his features schooled in what he hoped was a stern manner but his eyes twinkling gave him away. Harry quickly apologized to Molly and she accepted and turned her fury on the most responsible of Harry’s uncles Remus. She got a good howl out of the werewolf as she twisted his ear and as Sirius smirked at this he felt his ear nearly twisted off. Molly Weasley he realized had some wicked fingers to do what she did. Finally the room calmed down and Harry looked thoughtful and when he looked thoughtful something was bound to happen.

“I say we end this.” He said.

“Really?” Aberforth said wondering if now was the right time for the war to end or if they were to wait. “How so Harry?”

“Well I want him dead, he has to die and I know I am the only one who can, the headmaster did try, I saw him try but well he could not and I am the only one who can.”

“But could we not wait a few years, let you grow up a bit?” Remus asked and every one knew what he meant, he did not want Harry to have to fight Voldemort now.

“Well it would be nice but people are dying and more will die if he continues on this way.” Harry replied. “I want it over, we get a plan in place to protect the school and Hogsmeade fully and then I want to finish this on the Quidditch pitch just him and me.”

"Very well, I will make sure you get your chance." Dumbledore said quietly.

"God willing this will be the end of Voldemort once and for all." Harry said.

Aberforth hoped that Harry was right, that his going back had lead up to Harry still being able to defeat Voldemort. He felt a comforting presence and knew it would be alright, Harry would win but this time he would win with family and friends alive and whole and the Wizarding world mostly intact and not shattered as it had been. The war was coming to an end one way or another and evil once more would fail, it had to for the sake of all...

You know I have not finished with Lucius right? Rememer who's hands I left him in? Yea I got to deal with his punishment but that comes next, don't flame me he did wrong and will pay for it. As for Dumbledore handing him over? He would, he has probably had enough of the arrogant pureblood to last him a life time and though he is spying for the order he does so to save his neck only. Or so Dumbledore thinks, Moody will get the truth from him trust me on that...

## Chapter Twenty Two: Interrogation and Plans:

Lucius Malfoy had no idea what was to happen to him now but he was sure he was in for more pain than he ever had been before. He was on his knees, completely naked his hands chained behind him to a post, he was soaking wet and shivering from that and from fear. Moody had stripped him bare, forced a purging drought down him and cleaned him up with freezing water from his wand. Then he had bound his captive and left him to think for a few minutes before he came in to start the interrogation. He knew how to treat a captive especially a wizard captive, he had to be rough and keep them guessing as to what would be done to them next.

Moody entered the underground room and closed the heavy door walking over to his captive. Lucius looked up briefly then cast his gaze to the floor. His long silvery blond hair falling around his face, his gray eyes glinting in the torch-light. Moody looked his captive over, checking to see where he could inflict pain with very little damage. He saw a lean well built man with smooth pale skin and very few scars, he still had red lines on his back from the flogging but other than that he was unmarred, save for the dark mark on Lucius' left arm. He limped up to Lucius and was satisfied at the flinch he got from the man before he ever even touched him.

"You well find that I can be reasonable." Moody began, "ye answer my questions truthfully and ye will suffer little, don't and I promise ye will suffer."

"I will not lie to you." Lucius said dully.

"First question, are you a death eater?"

"Yes I am." Lucius replied. "But I no longer believe in him, the dark lord. I have saved as many I could he ordered killed, he knows this not."

"How many have you killed for him?" Moody asked.

"Ten, I killed ten." Lucius said.

“What is this scar?” Moody said hitting Lucius on the hip where an old round scar was, a scar that was not one found in the Wizarding world. “You attack Muggles boy?”

“I did, I killed five.” Lucius said horror in his eyes as he recalled what had happened so many years before. “They were harming children, they were doing horrible things.”

“An’ ye expect me t’ believe this?” Moody growled.

“Veritaserum, give that to me, I will not lie no matter, I know my life is forfeit.” Lucius said.

“Tell me and I will decide if that is needed.” Moody said, “or if I should just throw ye to the Dementors an’ have done w’ it.”

Lucius told him everything, he told him of the years of service to Voldemort and what he had done in his service. He told of coming back in the graveyard and seeing Voldemort there and how he did not want him back. He told him how he believed fully in Voldemort and was trying to bring him back with the diary when Harry had risked his own life for someone Lucius never would have considered worth saving. Lucius had started to doubt, he had believed Voldemort was the one to save the Wizarding world but knew now he was not. He had joined to save lives not take them as he was ordered more and more, still he refused to give up any of his fellow death eaters, he could not do that and Moody understood, after all Lucius was trying to be an honorable man.

“So now the question is what t’ do w’ ye boy.” Moody growled when Lucius finished speaking.

“Do what you will, just make sure my wife and son are kept safe.” Lucius said looking up at Moody. “They are not at fault for any of what I have done.”

“Right, well that is to be seen.” Moody said grimly.

“Please, they are innocent!” Lucius pleaded. “You can’t punish them for what I have done.”

"So you say boy." Moody said hitting Lucius with his staff. "I want names boy, ye give me names an' I stay away from yer family."

"I cannot, you know that! It is one thing to go against the dark lord but to betray my friends you know I cannot!" Lucius replied. "Is not my confession enough for you?"

It was but Moody was not going to say that to the naked death eater before him. He wanted to know for certain that Lucius did mean what he had said to Dumbledore in wishing to leave Voldemort. Oh Veritaserum could get the cold facts but he wanted to know what was in this man's soul. Veritaserum was not good for emotional outcomes like the one Moody wanted from Lucius. He got it alright as he heard a sound from the Malfoy head that he did not get from a noble very often. Lucius was sobbing freely unable to keep back his tears as he realized he was sure of that. Moody did not care that all he had in the world that mattered most was his wife and son, his gold and silver and fine things were no comfort without them.

"Please sir, I am sorry, please don't harm them I will do anything just don't harm my son and wife!" Lucius said. "Take my life but spare them."

"Don't see why I should." Moody growled.

"I swear to you that they are not part of this!" Lucius said tears streaming down his face. "You must believe me!"

Moody knew Lucius was ready now for the Veritaserum and he took a small vial of it from his robes and yanked Lucius' head back by his hair and forced a few drops on his tongue. He could get exactly what he wanted from Lucius better this way. He started to question him intensely and Lucius stopped sobbing and began to answer the questions put to him tonelessly, a side effect of the Veritaserum. Once Moody finished the question was what was he to do as punishment to Lucius before he gave him back to Dumbledore?

Grimmauld Place:

Harry ran his hands through his hair again getting a smirk from Severus, this unfortunate habit of his left his already unruly hair sticking up all over the place even more. He never had thought much about what one had to go through in planning a battle. Oh he had read how generals and officers poured over maps and such but he was not aware how much work this really was! His fingers itched for his wand as yet one more idea was shot down and Sirius looked entirely too happy. Severus saved him that by hexing Sirius's hair green from under the table quickly putting his wand away and bringing his hands up to the table before anyone but Harry saw what he did.

"So if that will not work putting the dwarfs at the edge of the forest where do you want to put them?" Severus said innocently as Remus turned and grinned at the state of Sirius's hair.

"What is so funny Moony?" Sirius asked Remus.

"Um nothing, just what did you do to your hair?" Remus asked innocently having an idea who had turned Sirius's hair green. "It's green!"

"Severus turn it back now or I will kill you now." Sirius said very calmly taking out his wand.

"You dare blame me Black?" Severus said silkily.

"Harry did he do this?" Sirius said turning to Harry.

"What?" Harry said entirely too absorbed in the map on the table.

"Hair, green Snape!" Sirius said.

"Oh that he could have, not sure, now I think the centaurs would want to be at the edge of the forest." Harry said.

"That would work, Severus change Sirius hair back now." Molly said coming in hovering a large tray of her baked goods. "Here are some treats."

Severus turned Sirius's hair back and took a pastry and munched on it while he studied the map and helped make the finishing touches to it. He looked up as Moody came into the room with a very pale but contrite Lucius Malfoy behind him. He was clad in his own robes but moved stiffly and refused to sit when Severus offered him a seat. Severus knew what had happened and could not blame Moody, after all he could have used a Crucio curse but had done something a bit more humiliating in the form of a beating, on his backside and Severus nearly felt sorry for him.

"So you ready to stop being such a stupid git?" Sirius asked him.

"Yes, I am sorry to all of you." Lucius replied not able to look at them. "I was evil and wrong but I was trying to protect my family in the end!"

"If you ever try to kidnap me again Lucius and I will torture you slowly to death." Severus said coldly, "you know I will."

"Of course, I would expect no less." Lucius replied.

"Good, now you want to help us here?" Severus asked him.

"He will rest, after all he has been through." Molly said glaring at Moody. "He can help out later."

Lucius was led to the same room he had woke up in before. Here he fell on the bed on his face and fell asleep fully clothed. Moody locked him in and walked down to help out with the planning. He was satisfied that Lucius was on the right side now. The only thing left was to issue the challenge and end this war once and for all...

I told you I would torture Lucius as I felt he deserved it. After all he did do you really think he did not deserve what Moody did to him? Yea so the next chapter come the battle...

## Chapter Twenty Three: Springtime Battle:

Harry waited nervously with the others that would fight this battle, it had been impossible to keep the upper classes from fighting. That was why the sixth years who were still not fully of age were here with those who were of age. Harry looked to the forest where he knew the centaurs were waiting with dwarfs to fight, these were not what muggles knew as dwarfs. These were real dwarfs, none were over four feet tall and all were perfectly proportioned and stocky in build. They would like now come and help out in battle, as they had done in ancient times. Lucius was here too, he was hidden for the time being and Severus went to where he stood waiting and watching on a tall tower looking over the grounds of the school and the armies marching to them in the distance.

“You are ready to watch this evil creature die today?” Severus asked him.

“I am, I am so very sorry for what I did, you don’t...”

“I understand, I do and I know you did not mean it.” Severus replied, “I also know you did not have anything to do with what happened when I was taken the first time. Still you ever do anything like that again and I will make your last days on earth the most painful I can.”

“I would not expect anything less.” Lucius said then as the students came to the battlefield. “What on earth are they wearing?”

“Armor, I will not have them fight without protection.” Aberforth said coming up, “it’s Goblin made.”

The students looked as if they were clad for a documentary on medieval warfare. They were clad in silvery goblin made armor over their clothes and they were to offer support mostly while the adults did the fighting. Or so that is what they were told to do, but Aberforth knew they would fight and so he wanted them protected as best they could be. Filch was up on the battlements of the castle with several modern muggle weapons, he knew how to use them as he had fought in WWII and was skilled with many muggle weapons both modern and ancient. He refused to let the house elves up here, but did tell

them to defend the castle if anyone got through. He was smart, he knew the house elves would be unhappy if they were left out of things.

The village was heavily guarded and warded as the battle had to be funneled and fought here, on Hogwarts grounds. Voldemort had to be drawn in as he would not face Harry right away, no he would want to fight Harry on his own terms. However Harry was not about to let that happen, no it was his right after all to fight Voldemort where he wanted when he wanted to. The battle started all at once with Filch spotting the giants that were on Voldemort's side. He had the students up here on the battlements with him fire off the large guns they had and with a resounding boom the missiles slammed into the giants killing ten at once. With a roar the rest of the giants rushed to get at the castle (giants can be really dim at times) and though they were fast they were not fast enough to get to the gates before half were mowed down. The rest took out their clubs and tried to break down the outer walls of the school and this time it was dragons that swooped down with their riders to hack and burn them so they howled in agony while the guns were reloaded. Then they were mowed down and none rose to fight again.

"Let's hope my weapon works against the Dementors." Lucius said nodding to the student here who waved a large banner to where the weapon was waiting. "I am actually glad the Dementors left Azkaban, means what I do here is not betrayal to the dark lord."

"What do you mean?" Severus asked sharply.

"I keep my honor in tact, I made a pledge to serve him and he made a pledge to his followers to protect the Wizarding world, by using Dementors to attack he broke his word. I keep my honor this way and it will go down in history that way."

"I do understand, though Moody still hates you." Severus replied.

"Oh tell him to sod off, I am doing the right thing now, now I am free to of course."

"Right, on here they come, I really hate those foul creatures of hell." Severus said.

Over the fields to the gates of the school came the rotting horrible black clad Dementors. The students felt them and though they cast their Patronus there were just too many of them. It seemed as if all the gates of hell had been opened and the worst of the demons released. Lucius nodded to the young Slytherin banner bearer and he waved his banner again. There was a wave of light that hit the students and their Patronus became stronger and stronger until none could look upon them fully. Severus thought that he saw angels amid the light but he was not so sure. The light reached its maximum then with a final pulse it was gone as were the Dementors. Down below there was a cheer and Harry stepped forward with Ron, Neville and Draco ready to fight. Yet where was Ginny and Hermione? They were fighting too but they were up on the outer wall with bows and arrows tipped with silver to fight the Werewolves, orgs, hags and other vile creatures that were headed their way now.

“I never thought I would be fighting a war with bows and arrows.” Hermione said to Ginny.

“Well magic is not always the best against certain creatures, the only thing we can do is put up a shield charm and even then it is not enough.” Ginny replied, “however these arrows have a little bit of a magical trick to them.”

“Good, I do hate killing things.” Hermione replied.

“I know, but we have to.” Luna said from where she stood.

The girls were in lighter mail armor so that it was easier to use the bows. On a signal from McGonagall who was clad as a highland princess warrior herself they let loose their first batch of arrows. None of the fowl creatures who came against the outer wall survived. However Voldemort had more tricks up his sleeves and he had set many of his werewolves lead by Grayback's replacement Hagtooth on flying carpets and they flew over the lake, up the cliff and landed between the outer wall and the inner walls of the castle. At once the students rounded on them and with a roar the centaurs stormed out of the forest to help take them on. Bill was the first wounded of the good side, his left arm was mauled and ripped off below his elbow

and with a roar he staggered back and used his wand to stop the bleeding. Harry jumped into the battle and took up the sword of Gryffindor Draco by him with the newly found sword of Slytherin.

“I hate these things.” Draco said slicing through a werewolf.

“Tell me about it, poor Remus to be associated with these brutes.” Harry replied.

“Need any help?” Neville asked hacking and slicing his way through.

“No we are just fine here.” Draco shot back sarcastically.

“Well we can go then.” Ron added.

“What and leave all the fun for us?” Harry said grinning.

The boys formed up back to back so that their swords and wands pointed at the enemy and they could keep their backs safe. They fought hard and high up in the sky Charlie saw hundreds of werewolves and orgs swarming the battlegrounds. He took his dragon into a dive and she let out a roar and used her talons and tail to kill many of these fowl creatures. Harry meantime was getting tired but he knew the next ones in the battle would be death eaters and Moody had a nice surprise for them. He had brought Aurors from the world over known for their fighting style and had them hidden for the time being. His job was to funnel as many of them onto the Quidditch pitch as he could.

Finally when Harry felt as if he could not raise his arm any more to take down anything the battle was over, he blinked and saw there was only one werewolf standing and he happened to be on their side. That werewolf was Remus Lupin who had just killed Hagtooth, chopped off his head and was holding it up like a trophy. Harry turned to Draco who was, like he was covered in blood, blood form those they had killed. They turned to Neville and Ron and caught up in the emotion of the battle they all hugged each other then headed to the Quidditch pitch. Bill walked up to Harry putting his remaining hand on his shoulder in support.

“Your arm Bill what happened?” Harry asked.

“Hagtooth, I will be fine, I stopped the bleeding and took some pain potion, blood replenishing potion and strengthening potion.” Bill said.

“Mum is going to kill you when she sees you.” Ron said going for a joke though he was so pale.

“Tell me about it, now I have to pick out a new arm, should I go with flesh or metal?”

“Try metal, it would look cool.” Remus said walking up stuffing Hagtooth’s head in a bag.

“What are you going to do with that then sir?” Draco asked.

“I am going to mount it over my fireplace.” Remus replied.

They came to the pitch and saw that Voldemort and the remainder of his followers where there. The stands were packed with students, parents and others in the Wizarding world and the pitch was filled with those who had fought in the battle. It was clear Voldemort was outnumbered here but he would not give up, not he! Harry stepped forward to face him, clad in silvery armor still blood stained from battle, the sword of Gryffindor in hand he looked more a noble warrior than Voldemort ever could hope to. Draco walked up to Harry and handed him the sword of Slytherin. Harry tossed this to Voldemort who took it and glared at Harry.

“Hello Tom Marvolo Riddle, I Harry James Potter am going to kill you, you killed my parents prepare to die!” Harry said.

“Insolent brat!” Voldemort snarled.

“Hello Tom Marvolo Riddle, I Harry James Potter am going to kill you, you killed my parents prepare to die!”

“Why did we watch Princess Bride before the battle?” Draco muttered to Neville who just grinned.

“Hello Tom Marvolo Riddle, I Harry James Potter am going to kill you, you killed my parents prepare to die!”

“Stop it you brat my name is Lord Voldemort.”

“I like lord moldy shorts the best.” Harry shot back getting the death eaters to gasp in horror and anger. “Oh one word of advice, when you make promises do keep them or you many find your followers don’t have to stay with you.”

“What do you mean?” Voldemort said.

“Mr. Malfoy come here.” Harry said.

“Yes Harry?” Lucius said stepping up and bowing to Harry getting a few hisses of rage from the death eaters.

“You made a promise to your death eaters to protect the Wizarding world, you promised never to use Dementors.” Harry said. “You broke your word and freed your servants they do not have to follow you.”

“He is right sir, it’s all in the contract.” Everyone noticed the goblin then standing by Harry. “You cannot punish any of your servants for leaving now. It’s in the contract and you broke it.”

Voldemort snarled in rage and in Parseltongue ordered Nagini to take the goblin down. Neville had expected this and as Nagini came forward he stepped forward himself and chopped her head off. Voldemort screamed in rage and Bellatrix aimed her wand at Neville. Everyone watched in slow motion as Neville turned, blocked her spell with his wand and leaped with a burst of magic to land behind her. She turned, not fast enough and her lifeless body fell to the floor her head rolling away on the grass. The battle was about to began again when Harry held up his hand and it stopped.

“Only one more life need be lost today and that is of Voldemort.” Harry said turning to Tom. “Your crimes are these, you committed blasphemy willingly seven times by creating seven Horcruxes, you did murder and torture innocent people. You consort with evil creatures and you killed my parents, lord Voldemort defend yourself

for I am going to kill you. As we cannot duel with wands we shall do so with swords. You know what happens when we try to duel with wands."

"I will borrow one from my followers." Voldemort countered.

"No this battle will be done with out magic, I call a duel and I call for swords!" Harry said.

"So be it, you will die today Harry Potter!" Voldemort hissed.

"No, by the grace of God it will be you who dies today!" Harry shouted.

He had his sword out as did Voldemort and they circled each other. They both knew what they were doing, and this was real sword fighting, not play acting. They were in it to kill and one would die that day. Voldemort attacked first and Harry blocked his blow, the clang of metal on metal was heard over the pitch and high above Dumbledore closed his eyes praying that Harry would win. The battle was fierce and it was clear each was very skilled, however in the end it was Harry who would win, with a twist and flash he thrust his sword through Voldemort and his heart and yanked it out. Voldemort fell to the pitch dead and for a moment all was quiet. Then there was a roar as everyone realized Voldemort was dead and was not coming back. Harry fell to his knees and gave thanks to God who had allowed him to win then he stood up and helped finish the last of the resistance and finally, blessedly he was able to head to the castle for dinner and rest...

So there is the battle, the end of Voldemort. I think swords would not have been out of line, after all Harry and Voldemort could not use their wands against each other. Having the sword of Slytherin found is just a nice touch as it clearly did not work so well for Voldemort.

## Chapter Twenty Four: After the Battle:

Harry woke up the next morning feeling rested and relieved that the war was over. He walked down to the infirmary where Bill and Fred and George were resting along with others injured in the battle. As usual Remus had been hurt badly but he was healing faster, the only good thing about being a Werewolf. George had a long red scar on his face that would lighten but always be on his face from forehead down to chin. Fred was in worse shape, he had lost both legs but was taking it in stride even though Molly was beside herself at the damage to her boys. Charlie entered the room behind Harry with Hermione who looked pleased with herself. Harry was sure that the morning between the two had involved a lot of kissing as he knew full well these two were clearly in love.

“My poor boys.” Molly said looking from Fred to George and to Bill who was talking to Fleur about what kind of arm he should get. “Such brave boys, but what you have lost!”

“Well mum you can tell the difference between Fred and me now.” George said grinning.

“I always could you to!” Molly said.

“Well I did loose my legs but I still have the most important bits, my arms and hands and other things.” Fred said.

“He has a point mum.” Charlie said, “he may have lost his legs but he still has his man bits tiny though they may be.”

“You are jealous of my size Charlie,” Fred said grinning, “poor Hermione there is gonna be disappointed when...”

“FRED HOW DARE YOU SAY THAT!” Molly roared.

Harry turned and fled and Severus who had been heading into the hospital wing decided that now was not a good time to go into the wing. Remus was behind him and he looked fearful, he never liked being on the receiving end of one of Molly’s warpath’s and he quickly headed back down the hall. Harry smirked, so much for Gryffindor

bravery from Remus. He turned to Severus remembering exactly why he had come down here, he was looking for Sirius. Sirius had been hurt in the battle, it was not anything life threatening but it had hurt his pride dreadfully.

“So where is he?” Remus asked Harry.

“I did not see him in the hospital wing.” Harry replied, “then again Charlie did manage to rile up Mrs. Weasley.”

“He was not hurt that badly.” Severus said coolly, “just his pride I think and I know where he went to hide.”

“He is not so subtle that.” Harry said grinning.

“Let’s go get him, stupid mutt.” Remus said, “he is so vain!”

They all headed to the last place Sirius thought anyone would look for him and barged into the second floor girl’s lavatory. Moaning Myrtle was in a cheerful mood as she had someone here who was more miserable than her. Severus unlocked the door to the toilet Sirius was hiding in and drug Sirius out who yelped and shouted at him in protest. However Severus was not going to be nice, he had a toe cut off him a year ago and Sirius loosing part of his ear was nothing compared to what had happened to him. Sirius got away from Severus and stormed back to the toilet only to get drug back away and out of the bathroom.

“Damn you Severus I cannot show my face anymore!” Sirius howled.

“Oh stop being a prat.” Harry growled, “I have lived with a really weird scar on my forehead all my life, a bit of ear is nothing to sulk about.”

“The ladies will not want me now.” Sirius said still sulking.

“Well if the ladies want me they will keep beating down yer door boy.” Moody said slumping up.

“Witches, women with you?” Severus said and Moody turned on him growling. “Miracles will never cease it seems.”

“You know boy I may like ye now, I may respect ye a bit but you dare cross that line again.” Here Moody got right in Severus’s face “and Poppy will no’ be able to put you back together again.”

“As if you would hurt him now sir.” Harry said to Moody and Moody turned on him, “you would not, not really.”

“Well ye got me there Harry, but I would hang him by his thumbs in a nice bright room.” Moody said smiling evilly, “an I would have him listen t’ that muggle children’s puppet Elmo.”

“You really are evil.” Remus said trying hard not to smile.

“We better get to breakfast.” Harry said, “we still have much to do today, mainly allow those who we captured to pledge peace.”

Most death eaters who had fought had been killed, only a small few had escaped and were being hunted down. Those who had survived had been brought to the castle and placed in the dungeons where those who were wounded were healed and they were fed. This was to show that those who followed the light were truly good and not wicked as the dark wizards had been. Now it was time to allow them to pledge peace or die, it was their choice.

After breakfast Harry headed to the courtyard hating what had to happen. Yet what other choice was there? Those who had caused so much death and destruction had to be held accountable and had to be given a choice, it could not be said that the side of light was not being merciful. Harry stood by Scrimgeour who motioned to the guards, a mix of dwarf and human guards. The prisoners though in chains had been well cared for, many had bandages and they had not been roughed up. There were twenty here still alive and they all looked at their captors with distain.

“Harry you want to read the terms?” Scrimgeour asked Harry, “you earned the right more than any other you know.”

“Yes sir, I can do this.” Harry said taking the parchment and stepping forward. “The terms of the peace agreement, if you choose to accept...”

“As if we would from you lot!” MacNair jeered.

“The terms as set forth,” Harry said as if he had not just been interrupted, “are as follows. Those who so choose will pledge to not take arms against the world as a whole to harm or hurt anyone again. They also will spend the next seven years in intense community service and restricted magical use. In addition all properties owned by those here will be divided in half, half to help rebuild what was destroyed, the other to be doled out as needed for survival the next seven years. After that time your full rights will be restored. As you probably are aware these terms are extremely lenient as the Wizarding world wishes to turn a new leaf. If you refuse these terms you will be executed.”

“You will have a week to make up your mind.” Scrimgeour added.

Harry had a feeling that even if years were given to those here they would refuse. Still they had to be given the choice, he watched as they were lead away and saw Lucius in the shadows with his wife and son. He nodded to Draco who looked to his mother then walked over to Harry. They watched as the prisoners were lead away.

“So you think any will take the deal?” Draco asked Harry.

“I hope so, but they did not look as if they would.” Harry replied.

“Well there are things called miracles.” Severus said walking up.

“Like Sirius growing brains?” Draco smirked.

“He is smart, in his own way.” Harry shot back.

The boys bantered back and forth and the feeling was light for a few hours. Yet that feeling would not last as one week later the prisoners were brought back to the courtyard and again the terms were read. To the dismay not one of the twenty would accept the terms and they

were sentenced to death. There was no delay in carrying out the executions, the prisoners were taken from the school and to a field in the middle of the mountains. There the last of the followers of Voldemort were beheaded, then the bodies were turned over to their families for burial. The executions did not make Harry happy at all and he felt bad that things had ended this way. He had hoped some would at least take the offer...

The end of the death eaters and the end of the war, though not the end of the fiction. No there is still a little to go.

## Chapter Twenty Five: Going Home:

Two years went by quickly and Aberforth found himself once more looking out over the castle. It was beautiful and shone brightly, the flags flapping in the summer breeze. Aberforth felt content, things had turned out far better than he could have hoped for. Oh yes there were those that had been wounded and yes Harry's parents had still died. However so many that would have died had not, there were still deaths, he could not stop that but the school and the British Wizarding community was united as never before. Severus Snape, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin even young Fred Weasley had survived this war. Harry had graduated from Hogwarts just last year and was working on becoming an Auror along with Ron.

Hermione had moved to Romania to be closer to Charlie Weasley and there were plans of a wedding between the two. Harry and Ginny were still dating and Harry had bought Ginny a lovely pendent when she had made the Hollyhead Harpies as seeker, she had beat Harry out as seeker in his last year fair and square and she clearly was one of the best. Draco was playing for the Chudley Cannons, and what with him on the team and several star players from Hogwarts the Cannons were no longer the laughing stock they had been for years. It was rumored that they might even get to represent England in the World Cup as they had beat just about every team out there but the Harpies.

Aberforth had spent a lot of time talking with his brother, about their sister and about the Hallows. Both had agreed that when Dumbledore reached the end of his life he would snap the wand in half and end the horrible cycle of pain and death that wand had brought to the world. The ring he had destroyed long ago for Dumbledore knew now that the only way to immortality was through God. Aberforth took a seat feeling tired and so very old, he had not felt this old for so long. He smiled as he knew soon he was to be united with his dear wife who had passed so long before. He was not scared and he looked up as Gabriel came into the room as he had done so long ago when everything had gone so terribly wrong.

"You did far better than expected Aberforth." Gabriel said.

“I was unable to stop Peter from turning, he still turned out evil.” Aberforth said, “Severus was no easy task but he is a good young man as I always believed him to be.”

“Yes and he will continue to do great and good things.” Gabriel replied.

“Many still suffered, Fred will never again have human legs, Bill has one flesh and blood arm and one metal arm and Severus lost a toe and was whipped like a dog. Not to mention he was held in prison for a time after the first war by Crouch and Moody.”

“Yet for all that they are alive.”

“Yes but we still lost many, the Slytherins, they lost the most. Daphne Greengrass, you know Draco loved her and she is dead now finally succumbing to her wounds. Then Crabbe and Goyle both died in the battle, poor Draco to loose two very thick but good friends.” Aberforth said sadly. “They were so very loyal and did protect Draco with their very lives.”

“Yet things turned out far better and those that are needed for the new era still live.” Gabriel said and at the look from Aberforth, “do not be angry, those that have died fighting for God have their rich reward. Do not mourn them.”

“Soon you will join them.” Gabriel said.

“I know, I have been ill of late, I went to the doctors and the news was not good.” Aberforth said taking a seat, “I am glad to see you will you take me now?”

“No, but I will be there to take you home.” Gabriel replied.

One week later on a fine summer day a crowd of people were gathered around Aberforth’s bed. He was propped up with pillows and though pale and so near death he looked peaceful and happy as he looked on those here. There was Harry and Ginny, clearly meant to be together and Hermione and Charlie, both tanned and healthy looking. Draco was standing near Luna and Severus was standing

with his good friends Sirius and Remus. Remus had his arm around Dora Tonks who was pregnant with their second child, the twins were here as was Ron who was dating Angelica at the time. There too in the room were the staff of Hogwarts and his brother of course was right by his side. One by one everyone paid their respects and left finally leaving Aberforth alone with his brother.

“I should thank you for all you did for us.” Dumbledore said his eyes brimming with tears. “You saved me, saved me from destroying many good lives.”

“Do not thank me, I was but an instrument of God’s in all this.” Aberforth replied.

“I know I was becoming the thing that I hated.” Dumbledore said, “I tried so hard with the boy, with Tom, after our first meeting I tried to help him to show him I truly cared about him.”

“I know, you were so good to him, you gave him everything and he betrayed you in the end.” Aberforth replied, “you are not to blame you did help so much this time around, you have taken care of those boys well.”

“What comes next for us?” Dumbledore asked.

“I don’t know, but my time is nearly up. I know that the tables are turned so that the world will have a chance to survive. You know the warnings of Mother Shipton do you not?”

“Yes I do our mother would recite the poem to us as children, it’s a poem that is well known by the muggles.” Dumbledore replied.

“All but the lines omitted before the end, there will a dark lord go, red eyed and soft spoken he will master many and destroy all. One with three godfathers will defeat him or to an end the world will come in the year two thousand and sixty eight.” Aberforth said. “You know who that refers to.”

“Yes I do, so that is why the angel came to you.” Dumbledore said, “but why must you die? I don’t want to be alone.”

“You will not, I don’t intend on letting you off the hook brother dear, you will not be rid of me so easily even in death.” Aberforth said, “I have a cancer, no cure, Severus has made the pain potions that have kept me pain free so no need to worry for that. Even muggle treatments would have done no good for me.”

“I will miss you.” Dumbledore said.

“I know, but you have the school and children who still need you Al.” Aberforth said.

“I love you, you know that right?”

“I do Al, I do.”

Aberforth lay back on his pillows and closed his eyes to rest. He fell asleep and Dumbledore left the room letting his brother rest. Later that night Gabriel came as promised and Aberforth smiled and got up and walked to him. He turned and saw his body still on the pillows and walked out of the room to see his brother dozing in a chair. He gave him a ghostly kiss and followed Gabriel out of the inn and up to the heavens above. His work was done and he had saved so many innocent lives, oh he could save all from death but he had saved as many as he could. Severus was one success that made him the proudest as he had taken Severus under his wing as a son. Now his life was over, a new generation was going to take over and continue the war against evil.

The End.